

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,  
Volume LXXV. }

No. 2460.—August 22, 1891.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CXG.

## CONTENTS.

I. LAURENCE OLIPHANT, . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	. . . .	451
II. KANE, A SOLDIER SERVANT, . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	. . . .	465
III. 1799—A RUSTIC RETROSPECT, . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	. . . .	470
IV. THE FARMER-MONK, . . . .	<i>National Review,</i>	. . . .	477
V. THE RECOVERED ARISTOTLE, . . . .	<i>Leisure Hour,</i>	. . . .	486
VI. SQUIRE DOOT OF DOOT HALL, DOOT HILL, IRELAND, . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	. . . .	492
VII. WAYFARING BY THE UPPER DORDOGNE, . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	. . . .	497
VIII. THE FIRST HANDEL FESTIVAL, . . . .	<i>National Review,</i>	. . . .	503
IX. INVISIBLE PATHS, . . . .	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i>	. . . .	508
X. WHY I AM AN ABSTAINER, . . . .	<i>Hand and Heart,</i>	. . . .	511

## POETRY.

THE PRISONER, . . . .	450	VARIETY, . . . .	450
OUT OF TUNE, . . . .	450		

MISCELLANY, . . . .	512
---------------------	-----

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the *LIVING AGE* will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of *THE LIVING AGE*, 18 cents.

## THE PRISONER.

FROM BERANGER.

"QUEEN of the waves, thy gliding shallop  
steer,  
Where lingering echoes to thy strains awake;  
The winds and waters hush themselves to  
hear,  
The very skies are brighter for thy sake."

A captive's song thus floated on the air,  
From grated window of a sea-girt keep,  
As daily he beheld the fairest fair  
Sail by his prison, on the shining deep.

"In this old, silent fort, I pass my years  
Of golden youth and strength, no longer  
free:  
My only joy is when thy sail appears,  
I long for thee as for my liberty.

"The limpid flood, with loyal pride displays  
Thy queenly form in mirrored counterpart:  
What is the power thy canvas most obeys?  
Is it the zephyr, or the tender heart?"

"With ardent hopes my glowing pulses bound,  
For even thou may'st burst my prison door:  
Rescued by thee, I would, the world around,  
Thee follow joyfully forevermore.

"Thou stayest now thy course, perhaps to  
shed  
A tear of pity for my helpless pain;  
But, like my hope, alas! too quickly fled,  
Thou passest and I pine alone again.

"Is this delusive fancy, false delight?  
But no! thy hand points hither, I can see:  
A star of life, thou risest on my night,  
To-morrow thou wilt shine again for me.

"Queen of the waves, thy gliding shallop  
steer,  
Where lingering echoes to thy strains awake;  
The winds and waters hush themselves to hear,  
The very skies are brighter for thy sake."  
Leisure Hour. J. GRAHAM.

## OUT OF TUNE.

SWEET little maid! whose golden-rippled  
head

Betwixt my grief and me its beauty rears  
With quick demand for song — all singing's  
dead;  
My heart is sad, I cannot sing for tears.

Nay, do not ask me why: I cannot sing —  
Mine ill-tuned notes would do sweet music  
wrong;

I have no smile to greet the laughing Spring,  
No voice to join in Summer's tide of song.

More from the forest's dying splendor takes  
My heart its hymn, and fuller sympathy  
Finds with the hurricane November wakes  
To tear its tribute from each groaning tree.

Or when the last sere leaves in Winter fall,  
While all the world in grim frost-fetters  
lies,  
I'll envy them the snowflakes' gentle pall  
That hides their sorrows from the frowning  
skies.

Were it not sweet to slumber at Earth's  
breast,  
O'er the mad scene to pull the curtain  
down,  
Never to feel again the drear unrest  
Of baffled love or unfulfilled renown —

The weariness of patient work uncrowned,  
The bitter medicine of hope destroyed,  
The fierce desire, the thing desired found  
Void of enjoyment when at last enjoyed?

Nay, dear, not now, not yet! let the slow  
years  
Fulfil their office. Oft, at close of day,  
The far grim range all beautiful appears,  
Kissed into kindness by the sunset ray.

So bygone sorrow takes a tenderer hue,  
So time can tinge the memory of pain:  
Old songs are ever sweeter than the new,  
And some day, sweet, we'll sing them all  
again.

Belgravia.

R. WARWICK BOND.

## VARIETY.

THE violet, 'neath the coppice growing,  
Is ay the maiden's quiet joy;  
The heather, on the mountain blowing,  
Will catch the plaudits of the boy:  
Hail, matchless queen of woodland rill!  
Hail, airy monarch of the hill!

When flowers thro' all the world are spring-  
ing,  
And every bud begins to swell,  
The train of maidens, sweetly singing,  
Goes searching for the violet's dell:  
"Hail, violets of the wood!" — they sing —  
"Hail, happy days of blithesome Spring!"

When Autumn, with his misty weather,  
Spreads damp and dulness in the wood,  
The boys go climbing for the heather,  
And strip the mountain's purple hood:  
"Hail, purple heather!" — loud they cry —  
"Hail, Autumn's jest and jollity!"

So tastes of men are ever changing:  
One loves the mountain, one the wood,  
One thro' the world unseen is ranging,  
One proudly works the public good:  
Hail, still contented lowly mind!  
Hail, mighty movers of mankind!

Temple Bar.

G. A. H. R.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
LAURENCE OLIPHANT.\*

IF Mrs. Oliphant had ventured to portray in one of her novels such a career as that which she has described in her memoir of Laurence Oliphant, she would doubtless have had some difficulty in replying to critical objections as to probabilities overstepped, unities outraged, and ideals pushed to absurdity. And, in good sooth, nothing but the constant assurance that we have along with us the vouchers of authenticated truth, enables us to read this record as one of fact and not of imagination. To those even who knew him best, Laurence Oliphant's life presented features that were strange and inexplicable; and now that the veil which covered it has been raised, it will still appear scarcely less singular and unintelligible. In Oliphant's case the difficulty is, and was, to refer him to any recognized human standard, and to get at his gauge by comparison therewith. We could never reduce his mind, as it seems, to its lowest terms, and thus get at the ultimate facts which formed the basis of his inner life. A puzzle and a problem while he lived, a mystery scarcely less intense, even when his life has passed through the ordeal of strict scrutiny and study, must yet continue to envelop his memory.

It is no blame to Mrs. Oliphant that she has not solved the insoluble. She has brought qualifications to bear upon her work which no contemporary writer is possessed of. Her "Life of Edward Irving" proved how adapted she was to trace with sympathetic skill eccentric genius in all its phases of health and disease; and to some extent the life of Laurence Oliphant suggests parallel lines of inquiry. Of her knowledge of human nature and firm grasp of the human mind, the number and diversity of additions to the environing world of fiction, its most living and life-like inhabitants, which out of these resources have been fashioned by her genius, are sufficient attestation. She had also the advantages of personal ac-

quaintance; of a sympathy which could readily appreciate Oliphant's remarkable powers, and accompany him a certain length in his aspirations; and of confidential intercourse which brought Oliphant's mind under the analysis of a shrewd and friendly investigator. And yet when she has done her best — when she has probed Oliphant's nature as deep as human penetration can go, when she has examined all the circumstances and influences amid which his life was spent — his biographer will not scruple to admit that there are occult impulses in his conduct which baffle explanation, and latent forces in his personality indescribable by her, as they are incomprehensible to us.

When Laurence Oliphant's singular career was under discussion, there were always two explanations of his conduct ready enough to hand, but neither of these could for one moment be entertained by any one who had come within the circle of his acquaintance. One theory was that Oliphant's desire for notoriety was so strong as to lead him to make the most costly sacrifices for its gratification; that he was posing before the public when he took the decisive step which changed the whole tenor of his life; and that in his retirement at Brocton he was simply preparing himself for the lionizing which would await him on his re-entry into society. To those who knew only the outer Laurence Oliphant — brilliant, unsettled, eccentric, and not without a dash of frivolity, such as he appeared to be during his parliamentary life — this was a plausible enough supposition; but no one could come into intimate contact with him without being aware that there was a deep earnestness of purpose underlying his life which directly negatived such an idea. Nothing is more apparent in the memoirs here set before us than that Laurence Oliphant was a man by whom the opinion of the world was rated at its least possible value, and that he wholly disliked and distrusted the spirit which quickened its judgments. And his whole bearing and demeanor, when he again appeared in his old world, quite forbade the idea that he had any self-consciousness of having done anything to be talked about. And with

\* *Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant, and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife.* By Margaret Oliphant W. Oliphant. Fourth Edition. In two volumes. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1891.

all its idealism, Laurence Oliphant's was a very practical mind. He had made very heavy material sacrifices, which could result in no possible material compensations; we may be sure, therefore, that he thought he saw his way very clearly to an adequate spiritual equivalent.

Another theory has been more frequently put in the form of a question than directly hazarded — Was there a twist in Oliphant's mental organization, a disordered intuition which drove him to views and courses ridiculed by the aggregate common sense of his fellows — in short, had he what his own countrymen call "a bee in his bonnet"? The doubt is more easily raised than answered, for its solution would open up distinctions that must reduce the number of sane men among us to an illustrious minimum. The soundness of Laurence Oliphant's judgment was proved by the reliance which many eminent men placed upon it in very difficult conjunctures of affairs, by the accuracy and ability of his views on public questions, and by the judicious advice which he always had at the service of those friends that required it. And even in the case of those intellectual convictions of his which strike us most strangely, and in connection with which any mental weakness must have assuredly asserted itself, he was wont to discuss his views with scientific calmness and in the most dispassionate fashion, and almost without any recognition that there was aught in them calculated to startle an ordinary mind.

From Laurence Oliphant's life more than from his works, we may gather some hints that, for want of better lights, may afford more or less satisfactory explanations of his remarkable mental development. Almost from the very beginning the conditions of his training were singular; his education was as wide as it was vague — "one of the pupils of the school of Life," as Mrs. Oliphant says, "educated mainly by what his keen eyes saw and his quick ears heard, and his clear understanding and lively wit picked up, amid human intercourse of all kinds;" his experiences were from the first of an adventurous and unusual description, though coming to him in a natural enough fashion. He was

shunted at the outset off the beaten track of life; he never had to tug at the collar of conventionality; and circumstances seemed continually conspiring to draft him off into some strange and unusual field of action. Yet this educational scope was not without its drawbacks. Oliphant was never made to realize the conditions that properly limit our judgments. His imagination, keen and brilliant, outpaced his reason, and eventually dragged the latter captive at its heels, until he became incapable of realizing the boundaries between the real and the ideal. His education, or rather want of education, together with his experiences while his mind was still in a plastic state, suggests, however, more than it explains, the peculiar workings of Laurence Oliphant's mind.

We have said enough at present to indicate the special problem which Laurence Oliphant's life offers to students of mind, but it is far from being the only interest yielded by this memoir. In fact, it would be hard to name any special interest that does not find something to whet its appetite in a career that includes within it the rôles of traveller, barrister, hunter, philanthropist, diplomatist, warrior, filibuster, conspirator, legislator, author, ploughman, and teamster, war correspondent, man about town, mystic, and heresiarch — a many-sided life truly; and the most curious thing about it is, that each side as it comes uppermost seems to fit him to the skin — a wonderful man and a wonderful life, an impossible conception in fiction, and difficult of realization in the still stranger truth.

And yet all this romance starts with a very sober foundation. The father, Sir Anthony Oliphant, a man of sound, homely, prosaic virtues, cast in an austere Scotch mould; the mother a more imaginative character, but chastened with pietism, and with a propensity for running riot in religious speculation. The mother exercises a marked influence throughout Laurence Oliphant's career, and she must have been a woman of singular influence to have carried with her the sober sense of her husband and the genius of her gifted son. If we could completely recover her, we might find the ultimate explanation of Lau-



rence's mental idiosyncrasies; but, unfortunately, most of her letters that have been recovered chiefly illustrate the domestic love of a beautiful and pious soul.

Born at Cape Town, where his father was a judge, in 1829, Laurence Oliphant was sent to England as a child, and in due course went to school at Durnford Manor, near Salisbury, and afterwards at Preston, where he remained until he was twelve or thirteen years old. Then at an age when most boys are beginning to settle down to their books, he entered upon his pilgrimage. His devoted parents sent for him to Ceylon, where Sir Anthony was now chief-justice; and accompanied by a tutor, he set out upon the then formidable journey in the winter of 1841, travelling through France to Marseilles, where they embarked. Egypt had to be traversed, and accident opened up to him a visit to Mocha, a pleasure which, even to this day, is rarely available for the overland traveller; and in three months' time Laurence reached Ceylon, not then, as now, an Anglicized colony, but still an integral part of the old East, with the religion and manners of the Singhalese still flourishing in all their pristine purity. In Colombo, and at Sir Anthony's farm on the Kandyan hills, Laurence Oliphant's education was carried on by his tutor, under his parents' supervision; but it must have lacked the method, the restraint, and, above all, the discipline of a scholastic training.

He was in no way the creation of school or college. When, as happens now and then, an education so desultory, so little consecutive or steady as his, produces a brilliant man or woman, we are apt to think that the accidental system must be on the whole the best, and education a delusion, like so many other cherished things; but the conclusion is a rash one, and it is perhaps safest in this, as in so many other directions, to follow the beaten way.

So it would have been in the case of Laurence Oliphant, for his irregular training and youthful wanderings must have been answerable to no small extent for the errant habits of mind and body that characterized his after-life. He had again a short period of study at home under a private tutor; but Sir Anthony's arrival in

England on a two years' furlough put an end to his education, as well as to his prospects of a university training. The Oliphants were going to travel on the Continent, and "I represented," says Laurence, "so strongly the superior advantages, from an educational point of view, of European travel over ordinary scholastic training, and my arguments were so urgently backed by my mother, that I found myself, to my great delight, transferred from the quiet of a Warwickshire vicarage to the Champs Elysées in Paris." Germany, Italy, and Switzerland were visited by the party. Among the superior advantages of this educational course appears to have been an opportunity of participating in a political *démêlée* in the Piazza del Popolo, under the auspices of a demagogic wood merchant, which ended in burning the Austrian arms, and compelling the Princess Pamphili Doria to set fire to the pile, — "in all of which I took an active part, feeling that somehow or other I had deserved well of my country." This was in 1847, the beginning of the era of revolutions, and scenes of political excitement were rife. Young Oliphant dashed into the midst of them with boyish delight, rather than with indefinite enthusiasm, when he could get the chance. He joined a mob that broke into the Propaganda, and was present on the steps of St. Peter's when Pio Nono blessed the volunteers departing to encounter the Austrians. These stirring experiences must have been more to the relish of Laurence than of his anxious parents. As for the staid and sober Sir Anthony, his situation must have resembled that of the proverbial hen who sees the duckling she has unconsciously hatched take to water.

Next year they were all back in Ceylon; Laurence was admitted to the local bar, and became his father's private secretary. His legal attainments must have been of the slightest description; and when we read that he had been engaged in "twenty-three murder cases," one wonders what proportion, if any, of them escaped the gallows. There can be little doubt that Laurence Oliphant's own hand is recognizable in this selection of his career;

for no youth of parts, and least of all the son of a chief-justice, would have seriously settled down to the prospect of practising in Colombo, with its petty business and small pecuniary temptations. But it was a pleasant life in passing. Colombo was not then the dull trading port that it has since become in its struggle against odds for a mercantile existence. The European community, if smaller, was less mixed, and could count as one family. The defunct Ceylon Rifles, with its convivial mess at Slave Island, was still a hospitable power in Laurence Oliphant's days. Adventurous spirits like himself were coming out to Colombo, attracted by the prospects of sport and coffee-planting which were then beginning to be talked of at home. Among these were the Bakers, Samuel and Valentine, who were frequently about Colombo in these years; and the small society was leavened by easy and unaffected gaiety. "Lowry was everywhere, in the centre of everything, affectionately contemptuous of papa's powers of taking care of himself, and laying down the law, in delightful ease of love and unquestioned supremacy, to his mother." With our fuller knowledge of Laurence Oliphant, we know that Ceylon was too small an island to contain him; but as we look at the pleasant picture of his Eastern life as Mrs. Oliphant has sketched it, we feel thankful for his escape from this Armida's Garden. Could there ever have been a risk of Laurence Oliphant's going down to posterity as queen's advocate or junior puisne, or even as successor to the respected wig of Sir Anthony himself?

An escape, however, was soon provided. Jung Bahadur, after his notable visit to England, put in at Colombo on his way home, and interested, and was interested by, the young advocate. An invitation to accompany the minister home to Nepaul was offered and eagerly accepted, although friends of the Oliphants shook their heads over an expedition which did not seem likely to promote Laurence's professional prospects. But he went all the same, and shared the triumphal progress of Jung Bahadur through Bengal and northern India back to Nepaul, taking part in an almost unexampled succession, for those days before the visits of British royalty, of elephant-drives and tiger-hunts. The result was, that he came back with the material and the ambition to write a book which was destined to launch him on a still wider world of adventures.

His book and his letters belonging to

this period reveal Oliphant as a young man thoroughly enjoying himself amid the novelties and surprises of life, fond of hunting, flirting, and fun generally, but tempering his pleasure by a dash of good-humored cynicism from which he did not exempt even himself. That he had a deeper nature, which was the dominating one, he scarcely as yet appears to be conscious. In a religiously constituted family like the Oliphants, exchange of spiritual confidence is the rule — a practice not always conducive to either edification or honesty; and Lady Oliphant very speedily took alarm if Laurence in his absence omitted for long to open his inner mind to her. Lady Oliphant's queries, however, extract some illustrations of her son's more serious moments during their Indian tour.

It is difficult [he says] to practise habits of self-examination riding upon an elephant, with a companion who is always talking or singing within a few feet; but it is otherwise in a palkee, which is certainly a dull means of conveyance, but forces one into one's self more than anything.

In the cramped recesses of this vehicle he discerns his chief shortcomings to be "flexibility of conscience, joined to the power of adapting myself to the society into which I may happen to be thrown;" and as a result, "the more I see of my own character, the more despicable it appears, a being so deeply hypocritical that I can hardly trust myself." But he winds up by the frank admission that this confession "is honest as far as I know, but *I don't believe in it implicitly.*" Oliphant evidently had as little implicit belief in himself as he had in the world on this his earliest introduction to it, and he is moved by a sort of genial scorn for both. He is quite sure that the world is a humbug; he more than half doubts whether he is not one himself.

After such an experience, it was scarcely to be expected that Oliphant would have long settled down to his legal duties in Colombo. After the boundless elbow-room of the Indian Empire, with its great cities, its maharajahs and sultans, and its barbaric pearl and gold, Ceylon is a very small microcosm indeed, and Oliphant and his mother were soon on the way to England. Here he brought out his book, settled himself down to a fashion of legal studies, now aiming at the Scots bar, now at the English one — sometimes plunging into the pleasures of society, at others taking a turn at "slumming," and reading

John Foster the Baptist essayist, a writer much affected by the intellectually spiritual of the day. He got much enjoyment — he always contrived to get enjoyment wherever he was, and under whatever circumstances — and may have done some good, but he was doing nothing to lay the foundations of a solid professional career. His book was a very clever one, and thought highly of by all Anglo-Indians, among whom it excited an interest in Laurence Oliphant which lasted throughout his whole career, and served to crystallize many recollections of the brilliant young man who had flitted across the orbit of Anglo-Indian society for a brief season.

Oliphant's next expedition was one which, though commonplace enough in our days, deserved to be regarded as an adventurous undertaking in the 'fifties. Accompanied by a friend — Mr. Oswald Smith — he set out for Russia, and after visiting the capital and the great fair at Nijni-Novgorod, formed the plan — wild enough it must have seemed to those to whom he communicated it — of making his way southward to the Crimea and the shores of the Black Sea. They travelled by water down the Volga and the Don, and after getting constantly grounded on *pericartes* or sand-banks, they reached Taganrog, "having accomplished in five days and nights one of the most wild, uncouth, and unfrequented journeys that even Russia can boast of." They visited the Crimea and Sebastopol, the fortifications of which were even then attracting European attention, and thus became possessed of information which in a short time was destined to make Oliphant the confidential adviser of ministers and commanders-in-chief, and to open up to him, had he been so disposed, prospects of a high career in the service of the State. His "Journey to Khatmandhu" had made Oliphant's name familiar to publishers; and during his stay in Edinburgh for the purpose of studying Scots law, he had made the acquaintance of the editor of "Maga," Mr. John Blackwood, who promptly recognized the possibilities of a valuable contributor in the remarkable young man; and a connection, valued by both sides, was then formed, which remained unbroken through the varying changes of Oliphant's future career. About a year after his return from Russia, he put into Mr. Blackwood's hands "The Russian Shores of the Black Sea," which, immediately meeting the desire that existed for information upon the Eastern

question, quickly ran through a number of editions. Nor was it merely literary distinction that was brought by the journey and the book. Soon after a mounted orderly startled Half-Moon Street by riding up to the door of Oliphant's lodgings, and summoning him to an immediate interview with Lord Raglan.

I accordingly proceeded to the Ordnance, where I found not Lord Raglan, but Lord de Ros, who questioned me minutely about Sebastopol. I gave him all the information I could, and sent him my sketches, extracts from my journal, and everything I could think useful. There were a couple of old Engineer Colonels (one of them afterwards identified as Sir John Burgoyne), all three poring over a chart of the Crimea. They are evidently going to try and take Sebastopol, and I recommended their landing at Balaclava and marching across, which I think they will do. Lord de Ros was immensely civil. I think Lord Raglan ought in civility to make me his private secretary. It would be great fun. I met Lord de Ros again this morning, and had a long talk with him. I did not mention my anxiety to get out. It is very ticklish saying anything about one's self on such occasions, and I must just bide my time and qualify myself — be able to answer the lash, as you always say.

It is difficult to see how, in a military expedition, this ambition could have been gratified, and nothing came of these interviews with the army authorities, although Oliphant was able to turn his special information to good account in writing for the press. It was in a sphere very different from the Crimea that Oliphant first found official employment. Lord Elgin, with whose family Oliphant's had some friendship, invited Laurence to accompany him as secretary on his special mission to Washington; and throwing over an offer of Mr. Delane to go to the seat of war as *Times* correspondent, and dismissing illusory promises of Lord Clarendon to do something for him in the East, he started on the first of many subsequent journeys to America. Lord Elgin's object was to make a commercial arrangement with the United States in the interests of Canada, of which he was then governor-general; and a treaty was "floated through on champagne," as was not unjustly said at the time, which served in the future as the basis for a good deal of diplomatic difficulties. In the festivities of Washington Laurence Oliphant was in his element, making friends everywhere and revelling in the racy society which gathered together in the capitol in those days. The treaty effected, he accompanied his

chief back to Canada. He was appointed superintendent-general of Indian affairs, "having as my subordinates two colonels, two captains (all of militia), and some English gentlemen who have been long in the service, and who must look rather suspiciously at the Oriental traveller's interposition." It is not so long ago since he himself gave an account of his Western adventures while occupying this post in the magazine, that we need dwell upon them here again; and indeed his real work seems to have lain in the immediate vicinity of the governor-general. A picture of his life in his letters at this time is however so lively, that we must give a brief quotation from it:—

My life is much like that of a Cabinet Minister or parliamentary swell, now that the House is sitting. I am there every night till the small hours, taking little relaxations in the shape of evening visits when a bore gets up. That keeps me in bed till late, so that breakfast and the drive in (from Spencer Wood), etc., detain me from the office till near one. Then I get through business for the next three hours—chiefly consisting of drafting letters, which in the end I ought to be a dab at. . . . I also append my valuable signature to a great deal without knowing in the least why, and run out to the most notorious gossips to pick up the last bits of news, political or social, with which to regale his Excellency, who duly rings for me for that purpose when he has read his letters and had his interviews. Then he walks out with an A.D.C., and I go to the House. There I take up my seat on a chair exclusively my own next the Speaker, and members (I have made it my business to know them nearly all) come and tell me the news, and I am on chaffing terms with the Opposition, and on confidential terms with the Ministerialists. If I see pretty girls in the galleries who are friends of mine (the galleries are always full), I go up there and criticise members and draw caricatures of them, which they throw down into members' laps neatly folded, who pass them to the original,—by which time I have regained my seat, and the demure secretary remains profoundly political and unsuspected. I find nothing so difficult as keeping up my dignity, and when a Bishop or a Cabinet Minister calls, I take their apologies for intruding as if I was doing them a favor. I am afraid of hazarding a joke unless I am quite sure it is a good one. I suppose the dignity of the office was so well sustained by Bruce, that they are scandalized by a lark young cove like me.

No one who has met the writer will have any difficulty in appreciating the fidelity of this portrait which the young secretary has drawn of himself. It is Laurence Oliphant down to the heels. It

was characteristic of the man that he took in situations of life, which to most people would have presented grave and formal aspects, with a light-hearted volatility; while others, which to the majority of us would be fraught with supreme absurdity, were treated as of the utmost moment and seriousness. With all the *nonchalance* and frivolity with which he credits himself, Oliphant, however, must have done useful work to secure the continuance of Lord Elgin's favor in other scenes of statesmanship. It is not one of the least puzzling enigmas in this perplexing career how a chief of the "can't-you-let-it-alone" Melbourne school of statesmen, and an impulsive secretary who was always brimming over with energy, should have rowed so long and so well together.

The official career in Canada which lay open before him was not for Laurence Oliphant. He was offered to have his secretaryship continued by Sir Edmund Head, who was Lord Elgin's successor, and he still had his native superintendentship in his hands, but all these were thrown over, and he was back again in England in 1855. It was then he published "Minnesota and the Far West;" and while he was bringing out the book, he was also doing his best to induce Lord Clarendon to send him as an envoy to Schamyl to concert a general rising of Circassia and the Caucasus against Russia. Lord Clarendon was unable to comply, or perhaps feared to commit himself to a spirit so forward and adventurous, but he referred him to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; and Oliphant, with his father, Sir Anthony, who had now retired from the Colonial Bench, was soon on his way to the East. But the Great Elchi was not more amenable than the Foreign Office, and nothing came of Oliphant's recommendations. Oliphant, however, was allowed to accompany Mr. Alison of the Constantinople embassy on a mission to gather information along the Circassian coast, and he spent some time with Omar Pasha's force, and joined in the action on the Ingour, and some other engagements of the campaign. In the magazine, Oliphant, after his return, gave a very graphic account of his Circassian travels; but from a letter which Mrs. Oliphant gives we may take the following characteristic anecdote:—

By the by, I never told you I had made a battery. Skender Pasha, the officer in command, thought I was an officer from my having a regimental Turkish fez cap on, and asked me if I knew where a battery was to be made about which he had orders. It so hap-

pened that I did, because I had been walking over the ground with Simmons [now General Sir Lintorn Simmons] in the morning; so Skender told off a working party of two hundred men, with two companies of infantry and two field-pieces, put them under my command, and sent me off to make the battery. It was about the middle of a pitch-dark night, slap under the Russian guns, about two hundred yards from them. Luckily they never found us out, we worked so quietly. I had to do everything, — line the wood with sharpshooters, put the field-pieces in position, and place the gabions. Everybody came to me for orders in the humblest way. In about three hours I had run up no end of a battery, without having a shot fired at me, while Simmons, who was throwing up a battery a few hundred yards lower down, had a man killed. Both these batteries did good service two days after. The difficulty was, none of the officers with me could speak anything but Turkish. Afterwards Skender Pasha was speaking to Simmons about it, complaining of the want of interpreters, and instancing the English officer who made the battery not having an interpreter; so Simmons said, "Ce n'est pas un officier, ce n'est qu'un simple gentleman qui voyage," which rather astonished old Skender. I think Simmons looks on the *Times* correspondent with a more favorable eye since that experience.

In addition to his communications to the *Times*, and his contributions to *Blackwood*, Oliphant described his Circassian experiences in the "Transcaucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army," which was published soon after his return to England. The next adventure in which he signalized himself was a still more singular one. He accompanied Mr. Delane of the *Times* to America upon some journalistic enterprise, the object of which can only be guessed. While in the Southern States, he chanced to hear of the expedition which Walker, "the filibuster," was fitting out for Nicaragua. The temptation was too strong for Oliphant, and he at once enrolled himself in the number of Walker's followers. We cannot suppose that he had any enthusiasm in the enterprise, or set any store by the prospects held out to the adventurers; but the expedition was risky, daring, and novel; it would supply an excellent subject to write about; and that was enough for Laurence Oliphant. The expedition was a failure so far as Laurence Oliphant was concerned, and it would have been well for his chief in the end had it proved equally abortive for himself. A British squadron lay across the mouth of the San Juan River; and when the filibustering vessels were boarded in search of Englishmen, Oliphant was

readily detected and carried on board the flag-ship, where he found a "Scotch cousin" in command of the squadron, who took good care that he should not be again allowed to associate himself with the Nicaraguan enterprise.

We next find Oliphant again occupying a position on Lord Elgin's staff, this time on the warlike mission to China, which was intended to bring the Celestials to their senses. As he himself not so long ago has described to our readers his experiences on that expedition, as well as the narrow escape which he had from assassination in Japan, we shall merely refer the reader to Mrs. Oliphant's volume for this period of his life, and to the numerous fresh letters by which she illustrates it; for we must press on to more important phases of his career. We must give, however, the following story, on Mrs. Oliphant's authority, indicating as it does the mystic tendencies which were already beginning to manifest themselves in his nature:—

Sir Anthony's death was entirely unexpected, and occurred, I believe, at a dinner-party to which he had gone in his usual health. I have been told that, being at sea at the time, Laurence came on deck one morning and informed his comrades that he had seen his father in the night, and that he was dead—that they endeavored to laugh him out of the impression, but in vain. The date was taken down, and on their arrival in England it was found that Sir Anthony Oliphant had indeed died on that night—which [Mrs. Oliphant dryly adds] would be a remarkable addition, if sufficiently confirmed, to many stories of a similar kind which are well known.

Even so, but how rarely does the confirmation prove sufficient! In Oliphant's case, however, the story has its significance.

Then followed three years of restless activity, much literary work, and many Continental excursions. He made the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales as his Royal Highness was passing through Vienna on his tour to the East, and the interest with which he then inspired his Royal Highness remained unimpaired until the end. Henceforth, from whatever scenes or from whatever quarter of the globe he had come to "look in" for a moment upon English society—perhaps to have a laugh over it—he received the prince's commands to visit him and relate his adventures. One of his most remarkable expeditions during these years was that made to the camp of the insurgent Poles, in which he ran no small risk of being shot



had he fallen into the hands of the Cosacks, who were on all sides hemming in the patriots; but with Laurence Oliphant danger only lent a novel and additional zest to the adventure. His wanderings of these days were duly recorded in the pages of "Maga" with which his connection was becoming more close and frequent.

A seat in Parliament had naturally been one of the objects of Oliphant's ambition, and he had felt his way with several burghs in Scotland, keeping his eye, however, steadily upon the Stirling group, which his father during his lifetime had canvassed for him, and which accordingly returned him in 1865. But before we say anything about his parliamentary career, and about the position which he occupied in society at this time, we must go back for a moment to trace Oliphant's inner history. We have seen him during his earlier youth encouraged, even ordered, to lay open his soul to his mother; and whatever disadvantages may be inseparable from this system of confession, it necessarily enforced habits of introspection. His letters down to the time of his voyage to China suggest a mind accustomed to dwell much upon religion, without being to any notable degree penetrated by its influences. Having been brought up in none of the definite Christian creeds, he disliked them all, followed a system of "free selection," and sought for views to supply the place of dogma. As is commonly the case with men who pursue this course of religious speculation, the notorious fact that the practice of Christianity never has squared, and never will square with its precepts in an imperfect world, made a great impression upon Oliphant's mind, leading him ultimately first to seek for, and then to construct, a system which might reconcile the two. But down to this time we find nothing in his letters that would not justify us in classing him as a broad, if erratic, Christian. But by the time he accompanied Lord Elgin to China a change was evidently working. He astonished his fellow-members of the embassy, when they first met him on board ship, by talking of "matters spiritual and mystical, singularly different from the themes that usually occupy such groups." There can be little doubt that Oliphant had been attracted during his stay in the States by the "spiritualist" movement; and though he does not appear to have had any sympathy with it in its better known and more vulgar aspects, there can be little question that it gave his mind a pro-

pulsion in search of the mystic and supernatural. He was beginning to seek for a sign.

I would willingly [he writes to his mother during the China period], I would willingly go into a dungeon for the rest of my days if I was vouchsafed a supernatural revelation of a faith; but I should consider myself positively wicked if upon so momentous a subject I was content with any assumptions of my erring and imperfect fellow-creatures, when against the light of my own conscience.

As yet all was mere inquiry, mere speculation, with little result upon conduct or action. Laurence Oliphant, outside himself, was the brilliant man of the world, amusing himself as much as he amused others, and none the less that he had a keen eye for the foibles, the shams, and the hollowness of the society amid which he moved. He was everywhere, saw everything, and laughed, not ungenially, in his sleeve at most things. Yet those who knew him at his gayest, knew also that there was a serious side to his character. One night a little group of members were wrangling in the lobby of the Commons about a Scriptural quotation. "Here is Oliphant," said one, as Laurence came out—"he always carries a New Testament in his pocket;" and the little volume was forthcoming, and the accuracy of the text settled there and then. But with all this he was no precisian, as witness the nest from which the "Owl" first winged that flight which was to astonish the world for a season. He contrived to extract his full share of enjoyment out of the world and the world's pleasures, and whatever deeper feelings were simmering within him, did not obtrude themselves upon the attention of his friends, or for aught one could see, dictate to him any special and unusual line of conduct.

And yet at the time when he had a seat in Parliament, and was comporting himself more or less after the fashion of a man of the world, he had already come under an influence which was destined to change the whole course of his life and conduct. It cannot be positively ascertained when Oliphant first encountered Harris, the American mystic and seer, who cast so unfortunate a spell upon the best period of his life. Amid the conflicting accounts which we have of this person, the statements of hostile critics and the still more untrustworthy laudations of his own devotees, it is impossible to form an accurate estimate of Harris's character; but such records as we have of his life do not



prepossess us in his favor.\* So far as Laurence Oliphant was concerned, we are forced to the conclusion that Harris was his evil genius. Harris appears to have been in England in 1858, and on several other occasions during subsequent years, when Oliphant was probably attracted towards him, if he had not already fallen in with him in America. In 1860 Oliphant refers to him with interest in one of his letters, and it seems probable that in the interval between that time and his return for the Stirling burghs, the foundation of their future connection had been laid, if it was the case, as there is reason to believe, that Laurence Oliphant's failure in Parliament was due to a command from Harris to refrain from speaking.

We must quote the description which Mrs. Oliphant, with notable leniency and charity, gives of this man's teaching:—

Very little, if anything, is said that is inconsistent with the most orthodox Christianity, slightly tempered by the Swedenborgian theory, which replaces the Trinity by a Father and Mother God—a twofold instead of a threefold Unity—though even that is so little dwelt upon that it might easily be overlooked, even by a critical hearer; but not even the most careless could, I think, be unimpressed by the fervent and living nobility of faith, the high spiritual indignation against wrongdoing and against all that detracts from the divine essence and spirit of Christianity, with which the dingy pages, badly printed upon bad paper and in the meanest form, still burn and glow. The effect, no doubt, must have been greatly heightened when they were spoken by a man possessing so much sympathetic power as Mr. Harris evidently had, to an audience already prepared, as the hearers in whom we are most interested certainly were, for the communication of this sacred fire. The very points that had most occupied the mind of Laurence Oliphant, as the reader has already seen—the hollowness and unreality of what was called religion, the difference between the divine creed and precepts, and the everyday existence of those who were their exponents and professed believers—were the object of Harris's crusade. He taught no novelty, but only—the greatest novelty of all—that men should put what they believed into practice, not playing with the possibilities of a divided allegiance between God and mammon, but giving an absolute—nay, remorseless—obedience, at the cost of any or every sacrifice, to the principles of a perfect life. I presume confidently that, so far as the disciples could be aware, the prophet himself at this period was without blame, and maintained his own high standard. Perhaps, it may be suggested by profane criticism, the

mystery in which he wrapped himself would be beneficial to the maintenance of this impression upon their minds. The great novelty in him was that he required no adhesion to any doctrine, and did not demand of his converts that they should agree with him upon anything but the necessity of living a Christ-like life.

The last indication of Laurence Oliphant's views, before he suddenly exiled himself from public life and society, is to be found in his novel of "Piccadilly." In this, the most brilliant of his works, marked by his sparkling wit, his incisive penetration into shams and humbugs, his shrewd yet genial faculty of unmasking all that was hollow and untrue, we fail to discover any traces of a serious quarrel with the world and society, in spite of the imperfections with which he charged them. Indeed, the circumstances under which "Piccadilly" began in the magazine lead directly to the supposition that the *déroulement* was other than that originally intended. It is possible, perhaps, that the severe tests which he applied to social and religious institutions in analyzing them for this work, may have shown them to him in a more severe and serious light than before, and thus precipitated his resolution to shake himself rid of their trammels. There is some significance in the episode of the mysterious stranger in "Piccadilly," with his revelations of a better life, and we may safely presume that Harris and his doctrines are indicated, as well as that in the course of his work his mind had been led to contrast the artificial world he was describing with the quiet and simple life which had been represented to him as to be found beyond the Atlantic. This mental evolution which went on concurrently with the progress of "Piccadilly" is further confirmed by what Oliphant wrote to Mr. John Blackwood: "I dare say you will be surprised at the half-serious, half-mysterious tone of the last parts; but after having attacked the religious world so sharply, it is necessary to show that one does not despise religion of a right kind."

It was not, however, until two years after the conclusion of "Piccadilly" that Laurence Oliphant disappeared from England, and took up his residence in the Harris colony at Brocton. Did he take this step of his own free-will, or was he acting under Harris's orders? We have no means of knowing; but the question, at least, deserves to be mooted. He had already put himself in Harris's hands, and this second Mokanna had not scrupled to

\* See Oxley's Modern Messiahs for a full and apparently reliable account of Harris's checkered career.

exercise his power even in so serious a matter as closing Oliphant's mouth in the House of Commons. It is but fair, however, to say that Oliphant always represented himself as being "rather held at arm's-length than cajoled into the tremendous step which severed him from all his past life." It may have been honestly so, but no one can read these volumes without being forced to the conclusion that he was as wax in the hands of Harris. And whence did Harris derive this superiority? From an intellectual point of view he was unquestionably Laurence Oliphant's inferior. So far as we can see, there was nothing in his character to overawe and impress a man who had mixed with the most talented and cultivated society of the Old World. On whatever grounds and by whatever means, this is at least certain, that Harris obtained the mastery of Laurence Oliphant's will, and that his position of a disciple became practically that of a serf.\*

\* Amid the mass of newspaper correspondence which this memoir has called forth, there is no more valuable light thrown upon the connection with Harris than in a communication from Mrs. Rosamond Oliphant (now Templeton), in the *Times* of the 6th June:—

"At this time he met Thomas Lake Harris, and was deeply impressed by his magnetic eloquence; yet it was not the power of the man which held him in thrall, but rather his own great need of help. He believed in Mr. Harris, and loved him with that self-giving sweetness of devotion which was one of the traits of his singular nature, holding within itself the gentlest attributes of femininity with the manliest courage of masculinity; and this love continued for some years. But, so my husband told me, even during these years his faith had a number of slight shocks, of which he gave me an instance. Harris said to Laurence that he had received the message spiritually that one of his (Laurence's) most dangerous characteristics was that of personal vanity, and that he must do all that lay in his power to subdue his love of dress, etc. As a matter of fact, Mr. Oliphant had scarcely enough regard for his personal appearance to take the necessary pains with his toilet, although possibly appearing well dressed in a country village. And as he was aware that Harris could scarcely have made a greater mistake, this naturally somewhat shook his belief in the keenness of the prophet's judgment, and in the general trustworthiness of his unseen guidance. Mr. Oliphant, however, did not swerve in his allegiance, he only readjusted it gradually on a little different plane, as he found him to be a more fallible man than he had at first imagined. Nevertheless, so Mr. Oliphant stated to me, Mr. Harris was at this time a noble aspirational soul, far above the average in his ideals; and he (Laurence) continued to revere and to love him for many years.

"Perhaps among all the gifts intrusted to man or woman, the most dangerously tempting is that of a strong magnetic personality; and this temptation Mr. Harris had. For he undoubtedly possessed a singular power over those who surrounded him, and, like many another, this temptation proved by degrees too strong for him. His success finally intoxicated him. When he found himself the master of such individualities as Laurence and Alice, Lady Oliphant, and others equally aspiring and almost as talented, he who had been originally an obscure man of the people had not the equilibrium of soul to maintain his balance. And this is perhaps scarcely to be wondered at when we reflect how easily the heads of the most of us are turned. At the time of his death Mr. Oliphant believed that the teachings of Harris in latter years had worked grievous

It is a pitiable story to tell of the senseless drudgery to which such an intellect as Oliphant was condemned in the Brocton community. Mrs. Oliphant records the facts with remarkable moderation and keen sympathy; and her chapters relating to the Brocton life are the most interesting part of the second volume. We shall not linger over them. The spectacle of one of the cleverest and most brilliant men of the age set to "live the life" by cadging strawberries at railway stations, working as a farm teamster, sleeping in a straw bed over a stable, and eating his meals off a deal box, is both painful and irritating. And all this with a view to be more Christ-like! It would be difficult to find a greater insult to common sense in the grossest extravagances of mediæval Roman Catholic asceticism. And poor Lady Oliphant, too, a woman refined and gentle, and well stricken in years, was sent to work out her salvation in the wash-tub! "Live the life," indeed! It is perhaps unnecessary to mention that on joining the community, Laurence Oliphant had to make over his property to its common fund as administered by Mr. Harris, subject, however, to a right of withdrawal should he cease to become a member of it.

As an illustration of Harris's power and methods, we must quote the following account of his administration of the interests, human and material, which lay under his sway:—

"He arranged them in groups of three or four persons to assimilate; but if the magnetism of one was found to be injurious to another, Harris was aware of it at once, and instantly separated them. Any strong, merely natural affection was injurious." In such cases, all ties of relationship were broken ruthlessly, and separations made between parents and children, husbands and wives, until "the affection was no longer selfish, but changed into a great spiritual love for the race; so that, instead of acting and reacting on one another, it could be poured out on all the world, or at least on those who were in a condition to receive this pure spiritual love," to the perfection of which the most perfect harmony was necessary, any bickering or jealousy immediately dispelling the influx and "breaking the sphere."

And not only did the head of the community keep incessant watch over all these occult

mischiefs. Nevertheless, he was willing to give every man his due, even though he may have suffered by his errors; and to the last Mr. Oliphant always spoke of Mr. Harris with the gentlest Christian charity. He said to me, that although he had suffered seriously, both spiritually and in the loss of fortune through Mr. Harris, yet he could not fail to see that such unbounded power as was relegated to him (Mr. Harris) was an unusually severe test for any man."

manifestations, but he was at once the director of the domestic life within, where the members of the community worked together at agriculture — and also the head of every operation without, many of his disciples being sent out into business affairs, to conduct commercial operations or other kinds of profitable work, in order that they might bring in money for the community. "All the schemes connected with it, mercantile or agricultural, were in his hands; and he would constantly change the heads of departments if he thought their minds were becoming too much engrossed in business, recall and replace them with others who often knew nothing of their management, and had to learn through mistakes."

Oliphant went through the trying ordeal of the menial drudgery of Brocton with his usual brave indifference to circumstances, and without losing much of his light-heartedness. That he imagined he had benefited from the discipline and from Harris's teaching is evident from the fact, that when after three years he returned to England, he was still loyally devoted to the prophet and the interests of the Brocton community. His association with the Harrisites had produced little external change in Laurence Oliphant that his friends upon his return could detect. He may have been "more assured in his faith than ever;" but to the world he was, as Mrs. Oliphant says, "as serious, as humorous, as entertaining, as delightful a companion, and as much disposed to social enjoyment, as when he had been one of the most popular men in London." It was about this time, shortly before his return, that he sent home to *Blackwood* that daring outburst of humor, "Dollie and the Two Smiths," the first of a brilliant series of "Traits and Travesties" which he continued to contribute to the magazine in subsequent years. Whatever the effects of "living the life" may have been on Laurence Oliphant, they did not obtrude themselves on the surface — although he was perfectly frank when questioned about his religious experiences — and he still appeared as the brilliant, humorous, and sarcastic man of the world, with an infinite capacity for enjoying everything that was enjoyable, whether it took the shape of pleasure or adventure.

Oliphant, on his return, again threw himself into literary and journalistic work. He served for some time as special correspondent of the *Times* during the Franco-Prussian war, and afterwards settled down in Paris as representative of that journal. But he was still under Harris's domination, and was soon to be made painfully

sensible of the arbitrary way in which the prophet was disposed to use his power. It was in Paris that Laurence Oliphant, who might have been thought to have already exhausted all the experiences of life, filled up the romance of his career by falling under the influence of a strong, pure, and tender passion. The loves of Laurence Oliphant and Alice le Strange are so charmingly recorded by Mrs. Oliphant, that we scruple to abridge her narrative, and would rather refer our readers to her book itself. A few words, however, must be said to make what we have still to relate about Oliphant's life intelligible. Alice le Strange was characterized as "not a woman, but an angel," by one who knew and admired her in later life.

One of the most perfect flowers of humankind [says Mrs. Oliphant, who knew her well], a young woman of an ancient and long-established race, with all the advantages of fine and careful training, and that knowledge from her cradle of good society, good manners, and notable persons, which is an advantage beyond all estimation to the mind qualified to profit by it. . . . One of the most attractive and charming of God's creatures, with considerable beauty and much talent, full of brightness and originality, sympathetic, clear-headed, yet an enthusiast, and with that gift of beautiful diction and melodious speech which is one of the most perfect ever given to man. . . . She was so full of "charm," that inexplicable fascination which is more than beauty, that it was possible her actual gifts might have been overlooked in the pleasure of encountering herself, the combination of them all; so that the beauty, the wit, the sweet vivacity, the pure and brilliant intelligence, became so many delightful discoveries after the first and greatest, of finding one's self face to face with a being so gracious and delightful.

In this love it might have been hoped that Laurence Oliphant's troubled career would have found a haven of rest, and that in a settled life of domestic happiness, abounding with possibilities of useful work, he might have "lived a life," more beneficial to himself and advantageous to the world than the senseless rule of Brocton could prescribe. But it was not to be. He was still under the spell of Harris, and could no more shake the prophet off his shoulders than Sindbad could get rid of the Old Man of the Sea. Even his engagement with Miss le Strange had to receive Harris's sanction, which was withheld, and the lovers were kept upon tenter-hooks, until it was quite clear that the lady was to come as completely under

Harris's domination as her intended husband already was. The marriage had to be postponed in deference to an edict from Brocton, and it was not without a considerable amount of *finessing* on Oliphant's part that the prophet's sanction was finally obtained. It is a beautiful and touching evidence of Alice le Strange's complete love and faith in Oliphant that she humbles herself before Harris—a man whom she had never seen, and whom she knew of only as an enemy to her happiness—and pours out the whole feelings of her inmost soul in a letter to him, and puts herself under his "direction in all matters." Without any wish to be unjust, we must express our conviction that a passage in this letter, in which Miss le Strange, speaking of her property, offers to make it "easily payable to you for any purpose to which you might see fit to apply it," had quite as much weight with the prophet as Miss le Strange's cry for light and guidance.

The marriage at length took place in June, 1872, and after a year's residence in Paris, where Oliphant continued to represent the *Times*, a sudden summons from Brocton broke up their household, and Oliphant with his wife and mother set out for America. A greater trial of his faith could scarcely have been made than to ask him to bring the young wife of a year to the life which he knew awaited her at Brocton—and such a life!—but Oliphant must have been still firm in his trust in Harris. At first Harris seems to have dealt rather leniently with the newcomers. Oliphant, for the good of his soul and the benefit of the community, was sent to Wall Street to wrestle with the bulls and bears of New York finance, and had the honor of crossing swords, *non sine gloria*, with the great Jay Gould himself. The best outcome of this experience was the "Autobiography of a Joint-Stock Company," the memory of which must still remain green in the minds of readers of "Maga." Another American contribution in a similar vein of sarcasm was "Irene Macgilllicuddy," which produced a scarcely less powerful sensation on the other side of the Atlantic than "Piccadilly" had done in England. There is a buoyancy about Oliphant's writings during his Brocton life which we are tempted to ascribe to a reaction against his environments; they afforded a safety-valve for the feelings of disillusionment which, we think, must have speedily followed upon his second arrival at Brocton. While he was in Wall Street, his wife and

mother were washing the pocket-handkerchiefs of the community or working in their cottage garden. Mrs. Laurence Oliphant, however, appears to have been occasionally allowed to join her husband in New York, and even to accompany him on a visit to Lord and Lady Dufferin in Canada. But this happiness was too great to last. The prophet's fiat went forth, and husband and wife were separated. Mrs. Oliphant makes a very shrewd guess at the reasons:—

As iron sharpeneth iron, so were these two likely to act upon each other, perhaps to a consciousness of the wonderful character of their subjection, perhaps to independent plans of their own, both of which would have weakened the master's hold upon them, and made their emancipation merely a question of time.

Harris had meanwhile opened up a new settlement in California, "where he cultivated vines and swayed the souls who had committed themselves into his hands;" and thither Mrs. Laurence Oliphant was ordered to repair, while her husband was to stand fast in New York. Mrs. Laurence Oliphant did not remain long in the Santa Rosa establishment. When Laurence went to California to visit his wife, he was positively refused permission to see her, and promptly ordered back to Brocton; and his wife soon after quitted Santa Rosa, and endeavored to earn her living as a teacher. Though aided by kind friends of her husband's, her life for some years was one of hard toil and of considerable privation. Although away from Harris, she was still under his influence, and very probably working under his commands.

In 1878, Oliphant was back in England alone. By this time his eyes appear to have been opened, and though he had not yet directly revolted, he was looking about him for an independent sphere of action. Events at that time were directing prominent attention to the Turkish Empire and to Palestine, and Oliphant conceived the project of carrying out a colonization of the Holy Land by Jews from the countries where the oppression of the race was most prevalent. With his usual energy he at once set out for Palestine, and the interest in the country which this visit inspired led him ultimately to select it as his future home. The literary results of this journey took the form of the "Land of Gilead," a considerable portion of which appeared in the magazine, and in which Laurence Oliphant's wonderful descriptive powers are seen at their best.



But his project, like all others that depend upon the concurrence of the Sublime Porte, ended in failure.

On his return to England he was joined by Mrs. Laurence Oliphant, who had seen the necessity of shielding her husband from the aspersions to which their separation and her condition in California had exposed him in society. She must have taken this step in despite of Harris, and from their union in London the date of their emancipation from his despotism may be calculated. But when the final quarrel came, when Oliphant was obliged to assert his independence, and claim his rights in defiance of the prophet, it was a sore trial to his feelings. He had gone out to America to see his mother, who was dying of a painful malady, aggravated by the mortifying discovery that her faith had been misplaced, and that her idol was after all but clay, for rumors had reached Brocton regarding the Santa Rosa settlement sufficient to disenchant the deluded devotees who had been left in the former community. Oliphant took his mother with him to Santa Rosa in hopes of benefit to her health, and they visited Harris, but were far from graciously received. Mrs. Oliphant mentions a significant incident, characteristic of the Harrisian system which occurred during this visit:—

The sight of a valuable ring belonging to Lady Oliphant, which had been given over with all other treasured things into the keeping of the prophet, upon the finger of a member of his household, brought a keen gleam of conviction, both to the one who doubted already and the other who did not know whether to doubt, or, as on former occasions, to gulp down every indignity and obey.

Lady Oliphant died soon after this visit, and Harris seems to have taken the initiative of declaring war, and to have telegraphed to Mrs. Laurence Oliphant requesting her permission to have her husband placed in a lunatic asylum. No such sanction was of course given, and Oliphant set about to recover his property in Harris's hands, a portion of which it is satisfactory to know the prophet was compelled piecemeal to disgorge. In a letter to the *Standard* of June 8, Mr. J. D. Walker, a Californian friend of Laurence Oliphant, who was of great assistance in disentangling his pecuniary relations with Harris, writes:—

On the plea that the money placed by the Oliphants with Mr. Harris was placed subject to withdrawal by them, should they at any time sever their connection with him, I

insisted on Mr. Harris making restitution. After considerable correspondence, a personal visit from my lawyer, and threats of legal proceedings, Mr. Harris deeded to Oliphant the Brocton property; this, Oliphant informed me, represented some fifteen thousand pounds, placed with Mr. Harris by him and his wife. The property has been sold within the past few months for some eight thousand pounds, and the proceeds distributed in terms of Oliphant's will, so that they are still large contributors to the Harris community.

In spite of all they had suffered at the hands of Harris, and of the active hostility which they had good reason to believe their revolt had brought upon them, it is remarkable that the Oliphants ever afterwards continued to speak of him with respect, and to extenuate any charges that were brought against him and his system. Even in discussing matters which had directly affected themselves, and regarding which an expression of resentment would have been both justifiable and expected, Laurence Oliphant was wont, if he did not take the blame wholly to himself, at least to find plausible excuses for the prophet's share of the transaction. Harris unquestionably did supply some traits for the character of Masollam, but we have good reason to believe that Laurence Oliphant did not intend Masollam to be received as either a caricature or a likeness of the Brocton prophet.

Before finally quitting the Brocton episode, we must congratulate Mrs. Oliphant upon the skill with which she has traversed this delicate and complicated episode of Laurence Oliphant's life. She has preserved a rare moderation when dealing with passages which must have prompted the indignation of any author; she has spared no pains to get at the truth, and has had scruples in telling it; and she has applied her unrivalled power of mental analysis to lay bare the aims and motives on both sides with an impartiality that it must have been very difficult to preserve. We shall probably never know the exact truth regarding the relations of Harris with Laurence Oliphant; but should it ever come out, it will, we believe, be found that Mrs. Oliphant has penetrated into its essence, and done substantial justice to all parties.

In 1882, Laurence Oliphant settled at the little town of Haifa on the Bay of Acre, and there and in his mountain home on Carmel, at the Druse village of Dalieh, the remainder of his life was spent, varied with occasional trips to England. There can be no doubt that these years in Pales-

tine were the best and happiest of his life. They were full of literary activity. Contributions came steadily pouring into "Maga" upon all sorts of topics, and all characterized by Oliphant's peculiar vivacity and power. It was there that "Altiora Peto" and "Masollam" were written, and later on the two works "Sympneumata" and "Scientific Religion," which embodied the peculiar views of his mature years. The life which was lived at Haifa was at least free from the degrading and objectionable features of the Brocton usage; and, as far as Oliphant and his wife were concerned, it seems to have been one of active benevolence and practical philanthropy. Into the religious principles which regulated the little family at Haifa, whither some few of the remaining members of the Brocton community were soon attracted, we do not choose to enter. England, too, contributed a small band of inquirers, the most distinguished of whom was Mr. Haskett Smith, an author and clergyman of the Church of England, who became Oliphant's right-hand man in his work. The Haifa community never got beyond the experimental stage, and Laurence Oliphant was still obviously feeling his way towards a faith when his career was cut short; whether or not, had he been spared to perfect his views, they would have made a wider impression upon thinkers, it is impossible to say. To us both "Sympneumata" and "Scientific Religion" are as unintelligible in their teaching as they are mysterious in their ascribed origin; and it would be of little profit to discuss speculations which had no better foundation than an individual imagination, and which never got farther than the rudimentary stage. The death of his wife undoubtedly affected Laurence Oliphant's view of things spiritual in a very marked manner, and induced him to translate dreams into actual experiences; but it also deepened the seriousness of his views of life, as well as led him to indulge in wilder conjectures regarding futurity and the unseen. Yet the old fire of genius burned brightly, and Oliphant was probably never more his natural self than when penning those records of his eventful career which appeared in the magazine under the title of "Moss from a Rolling Stone."

He paid a final visit to America in the spring of 1888, and, to the astonishment

of his friends, returned to be married to Miss Rosamond Dale Owen. But the hand of death was upon him. The "loss of spiritual influx," of which he had for some time complained since the death of his first wife, was really the loss of vital power under an internal malady. A few days after his marriage he was struck down with illness, and though he rallied repeatedly, he was never able to shake off his mortal disorder. "His last conscious moment on Sunday," says his wife, "was one of hope and effort lifewards. . . . He passed away as into a tranquil sleep, and woke four hours after in another world, or rather under another form, without having tasted death either physically or spiritually."

Was Laurence Oliphant's a wasted life? The answer to that question will depend upon the view we take of the work to which he specially devoted himself, and which he had little more than begun when he was called away. If literary fame be a legitimate aim in life, he certainly earned a fair share of it. If active goodness within one's own sphere and possibilities be a duty to the world, then Oliphant duly discharged his part. If social distinction be an honor worth striving for, then Oliphant with slender advantages outstripped most of his equals in the race. If self-sacrifice confers a title to public respect, then comparatively few can boast of having surrendered more than Laurence Oliphant did. And if we believe that his views were mistaken, that he himself was the victim of a delusion, it detracts nothing from the generous nobility of his character. He was a man who well deserved so admirable a memorial as these volumes supply; and there is no one who ever met him who will not heartily endorse the eloquent words with which Mrs. Oliphant lays down her pen:—

The generation, not only of his contemporaries but of their children, must be exhausted, indeed, before the name of Laurence Oliphant will cease to conjure up memories of all that was most brilliant in intellect, most tender in heart, most trenchant in attack, most eager to succor in life. There has been no such bold satirist, no such cynic philosopher, no such devoted enthusiast, no adventurer so daring and gay, no religious teacher so absolute and visionary, in this Victorian age, now beginning to round towards its end, and which holds in its brilliant roll no more attractive and interesting name.



From Temple Bar.  
KANE, A SOLDIER SERVANT.

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

BY SARAH GRAND, AUTHOR OF "IDEALA, A STUDY FROM LIFE," ETC.

HIS real name was Keene, but Cain he mispronounced it, being of Irish blood; and society, reluctant to brand him with the accursed appellation of Adam's eldest son, compromised the matter by spelling it Kane. And Kane it remained to us till the end of the chapter.

He was a reprobate, and he looked old, but was in point of fact not so well up in years as he was in wicked ways, being only about forty when he came to us. He had served in the tropics for many years, and had had a hard life in other respects both in and out of the service, and that had aged him.

He was a short man, narrow-chested for a soldier, "bad on his feet" — rather hobbling in his gait, as if his ammunition boots hurt him. His mouth was large and straight, a mere gash, hidden by a heavy moustache. His nose was broad at the nostrils, his eyes small, bright, "peery," and quick-glancing, but expressionless, and set so deep in their sockets and so shaded by bushy eyebrows that their vivacity was not striking. His hair, innocent of parting, stood up on end all round his forehead, which was low, as it does in some monkeys. It was grey, and abundant. So also were his moustache and whiskers. The latter he chose to wear Dundreary fashion, although contrary to regulation, and the consequence was a standing order to shave, which order Kane met by a standing objection to do so. At first, under compulsion, that is to say in the presence of a non-commissioned officer told off to see the duty done, Kane had been compelled to dock his beloved whiskers. He would look ashamed of himself and exhibit symptoms of mental depression for some time afterwards, but would appear eventually with his whiskers as big as ever, and an air of mild triumph not to be concealed. And this happened so often that at last none but new-comers ever thought of interfering with his whiskers — or, indeed, of interfering with him at all. For Kane was a privileged person. He was always being humored and let off, and had managed by dint of perseverance to get his own way in everything. But whether his persistence was due to obtuseness or force of character, I cannot say. Only his position at the dépôt was unique, and he had made it for himself

somehow. He was a time-expired man, who ought to have been retired long before, and was only kept on by the connivance of everybody — at least of all who knew him; and there was always a chance of our losing him in the event of a commanding officer coming who knew him not, and sending him about his business before he had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. He could not have marched a mile or carried a rifle to save his life, and had therefore to be returned in some capacity which would get him excused from drill, and, accordingly, before he became a soldier servant, he was attached to the hospital, and slept there. On arriving at the dépôt, his master lived in barracks for a short time, and, trained servants being scarce, Kane was appointed to wait on him as a temporary arrangement, but continued to sleep in hospital. He had never been an officer's servant before, but it was thought that his honesty would make up for his ignorance; and the latter was not such a great inconvenience after all, as he soon learnt from the other servants what was required of him. In this new billet he was also exempt from martial duties.

He proved himself from the first to be the most methodical old machine on earth. Having set himself to perform a duty at a certain time nothing short of physical force would prevent him. Lighting the fire in the morning was the first difficulty. He chose to do it at an inconveniently early hour. His master ordered him to come later, and he answered "Yes, sorr," respectfully, but appeared next day as usual. The order was repeated, but the result was the same. When asked what he meant by coming so early, he would meekly hold his peace, but would look at the clock in such a way as to make his master doubt if he had not inadvertently mentioned that time, and the result would be a lowering of the master's tone, and the eventual triumph of the man.

When we, "the family," arrived, Kane kindly came to help us to settle, and I made his acquaintance among the packing cases. I was in the front kitchen, and, hearing a curious, monotonous humming, I looked about to see whence it came. At first nothing was visible but a big box in the back kitchen and a stack of straw; but on peering over this I caught the blaze of a scarlet coat, and there was old Kane on his knees, his bushy grey whiskers all powdered with sawdust, unpacking some Oriental china with a loving touch that won my heart. He was too absorbed

to notice me, but that does not mean that he was working hard. He was merely interested in some good specimens of an art entirely new to him. He took each plate up tenderly and admired it on all sides, and then laid it on the ground and looked at it from a distance with a pleased expression of countenance; and all the time he kept up a hum as incessant as the babble of a brook.

He had come to help us also as a temporary arrangement. As a servant he was practically useless. The notion of Kane with his curious feet, in livery, or Kane with his bushy whiskers waiting at table, was ridiculous; but before he had been a week in the house he had cast his spell upon us. A sense of humor is in the family; he amused us; and so we kept him — and got a maid to do his work.

But it must not be supposed that he did absolutely nothing. He took a certain amount on himself when he first came, and did that amount with the regularity of clockwork, but neither more nor less, however much he might be begged, prayed, conciliated, threatened, commanded, or caressed. In the early morning he brushed boots, polished some brass-work about the front door, rubbed up his master's spurs and spur-chains, and brushed his coats and hats. The latter he did with an energy and frequency that destroyed the nap very early in their existence. He must have found something morally elevating in the brushing of hats, for if he happened to be in a more than usually conscientious mood, he returned to them and did them again. The overcoats he brushed as they hung from the pegs as if he were grooming a horse — balancing himself against them with his left hand, curry-combing with his right, and looking out sharply as it were for a kick, while he kept up that buzzing noise through his puffed-out lips, which seems to be indispensable in the grooming of a horse.

In the afternoon he cleaned the knives and plate, and smoked a pipe; and I think that was all he did do. He also fed the birds and cats, but that was in the morning before breakfast. The cats he did not like, but as they were members of the family he was always polite to them. For Kane was loyal before everything.

His attachment to the youngest of our party, a little, golden-haired boy of six, was dog-like in its dumb fidelity. They were always together if Kane could manage it, and he never objected to anything he had to do for the child. He would grub about

in the ditches for monsters to put in his aquarium, and bring buckets of water of his own accord for it; and he would even carry parcels up from the town for the boy, although it is against orders for a soldier to be seen carrying a parcel and is the thing above all others that they most dislike to have to do. They were a curious pair, the bright, intelligent child with his babble of innocent talk and laughter, and the wreck of a man, vice-worn, silent, and subdued. What passed through his "dim, dreaming consciousness" as he listened to the boy was often a subject of speculation, but Kane could not have expressed it himself. He had not even been taught to read and write; every intellectual faculty was dormant; probably his command of language was limited to the fewest possible number of words; his powers of comprehension were purely emotional; it was through his senses that his brain was reached; but he did feel, I am sure of that. Things beautiful delighted him as they do a child, he appreciated without understanding them, and they made him "feel nice," as his little master used to express it — "Oh, mamma, do sing that song again! It makes me feel so nice!"

It was curious, though, to mark Kane's limitations. Certain things which delighted us had no power whatever to move him, the songs of birds for instance. He knew that I enjoyed them. I brought up a thrush by hand one summer, and waited eagerly to hear him sing. He made no attempt for a long time, but at last one morning, when I was not thinking of him, I was disturbed by a noise which sounded like a cork being rubbed on a window-pane, and Kane came hobbling in, the bearer of good news evidently. "Ma'am!" he exclaimed, "will ye haarrk to the meelodious throosh?" One noise from a bird's throat was as pleasant as another to poor Kane.

Kane's strong point was his honesty, his weak point an amorous disposition. To be good-looking was in Kane's estimation to be virtuous, and he was consequently at the mercy of every worthless creature wearing a petticoat who chose to smile upon him. On one occasion, while he was with us, he stayed absent without leave, and, on being sought, was found in a small public-house with fourteen damsels, treating them all.

There was some depth, doubtless, in this poor man which we never plumbed, some power to care beneath that surface of quaint ways. But it was a curious, lonely life he led, such a life as would

have driven most men mad. As he could not read, he had no resources in himself, and his pipe was his only solace at idle times. In the afternoon, when he returned to barracks, his day's work was practically done. He left our house between three and four, and did not reappear until seven next morning; and usually spent the interval in sleep. He had no relations that I ever heard of, and made no friends. There was another prematurely old reprobate, very like him in appearance, who was said to be his "chum," but I do not know upon what authority, as they were never seen together. Perhaps it was the singular resemblance which made the men say first of all, that they ought to be chums, and afterwards drift into the habit of thinking that they were. They were men of kindred vices, which is always a bond of union, and of the same standing in the service, having been recruits together; but still I do not believe that they were friends, and I am inclined to think that Kane never really had a friend. The other men tried "to chum" with him, but he repelled them all, and went his own solitary way, silent and uncomplaining. I was going to say unobservant, too, but those deep-sunk eyes of his looked out from under his bushy brows at times, and sparkled in a way that, taken with a slight quivering of the lips under his moustache, betrayed some change of expression disguised by that crinose mask, which suggested a doubt on the subject. But at any rate, there must have been a time when even Kane was young and ardent, full of pride and pleasure in the present, and plan and purpose for the future; a love-time when the ignorant private soldier had felt himself for the moment "equal to the god." We never heard the details of the story. All of it that we do know, is what every raw recruit was told when he came to the barracks. "Do you see that old fellow there? Well, he cut his throat once." "What for?" "'Cos he was a fool." "But *why* was he a fool?" "Oh, something about his young woman. They didn't hit it off. Deserted him or something. At any rate, he cut his throat." "And he didn't die?" "Why, no, ye idiot! how could he be there if he'd died?" And how, one wonders, after feeling strongly enough to do such a deed, did he drift into such passivity, taking no thought for the morrow, nor for anything else apparently?

But, although the apathetic state in which we found him had become his normal condition, he had his moods like other

men, and would break out occasionally — break out of barracks and disappear for two or three days at a time. On his return he would be made prisoner for being absent without leave, and let off as a rule with a fine. Then he would return to us, slink into the back kitchen, looking very much ashamed of himself, and behave as usual till the next time. We were very much troubled about these drunken bouts of his, but the difficulty was to know what to do. Should he be sent to his duty if it occurred again? Surely not, for in that case he would be discharged from the service, and then what would become of him? But wasn't he a Roman Catholic? Why not try the priest? There was one in the town at the time, of whom we knew something, and as a forlorn hope Kane was sent to him one morning with a note, detailing the circumstances of the case, and begging him to use his influence to induce Kane to take the pledge. The latter, not knowing the object of the visit, was surprised into compliance. The priest only induced him to take it for three months, thinking it not wise to dishearten him by trying his fortitude for too long a period to begin with. And Kane kept the pledge religiously to the day, and then he "went on the spree." He certainly *did* "go on the spree." He must have been looking forward to that "spree," and thinking of little else during the whole three months. When he returned he was still suffering from the effects thereof, and, taking advantage of the consequent depression, we sent him again to the priest, and again he took the pledge for three months, kept it, doubtless enjoying the novelty of having something to look forward to the while; and then he had his spree. And this happened regularly for two years, during which time we had nothing but his periodical absences to complain of, as he never came to the house drunk. But about the end of the second year, the other servants began to find fault with him. They said he did nothing, and made himself objectionable, and they would rather do his work than have him about.

We did not listen to these hints for some time, thinking the real truth was that a younger and smarter man would please the maids better; but, unfortunately for Kane, he broke through his rule at Christmas, and came to the house one day the worse for drink. He had a black eye, too, which he said was caused by a splinter that flew in his face, when he was chopping firewood. The fault was overlooked on that occasion, it being Christmas

time, and every temptation having been put in the poor man's way. But it happened again a short time afterwards, and what with that and the other servants' complaints, we felt we must get rid of him.

It would be hard to say why we were all so attached to this old good-for-nothing, but of all the household retainers we have had to part with, I think he was the one about whom we felt heaviest-hearted when it came to the point. The quality of faithfulness which we had discerned in him from the first was, perhaps, at the bottom of it. He was a worthless old dog, but he was our own old dog, and for that we valued him. That he felt as much as we did about it I cannot say, for he made no sign, but just plodded on his old way to the last, and then stumped out without a word to any of us. One day, he came and did his work as usual, but he did not return on the next. That was all. We shall not forget him however. His accustomed place is still empty, and will not again be filled.

I have thought since he left us, that his apparent indifference was entirely due to a certain shyness, the kind of shyness which makes a sensitive child dumb. He had no power of expression and was shamefaced; but he must have felt. He left the barracks, however, when he was discharged from the service a short time afterwards, as he had left us, without a word; and from the day of his departure nobody ever saw him there again. He had had considerably over twenty years' service, and most men would have gone back to talk over old times, but not so Kane; nor did he leave any address behind him, so that nobody at the depot ever heard anything about him after he took his discharge. There had been a rumor for some time before he left us, that he was "keeping company with a young woman," which meant a serious engagement, but the notion seemed so preposterous we took no notice of it, thinking it was chaff. Then it was said that the "young woman" was not young at all, but an elderly widow with five children, and this news struck us as even more objectionable than the other, for we all imagined a big, coarse woman with red arms, a perfect termagant in fact, for whom poor old Kane, who was quite decrepit, would be no match. The idea of Kane in love was ridiculous, but the idea of Kane in bondage was not to be tolerated, so we dismissed it. We felt he was one of those characters round whom the myth and story collect inevitably after

their disappearance, and were prepared to accept all that might be said of him in future with caution.

It was months before we heard anything, and then one of the boys burst in upon us suddenly with the startling news that Kane had gone on the stage! We received the announcement with derision, but there was some truth in it after all. A circus had been settled in the place for some time, and Kane was employed there to carry a flag in a procession at a shilling a night. This was the first positive news we had of him, but soon afterwards I met him in the street. He was dressed in blue serge like a working man in his best things, but looked more soldier-like than he had done in uniform. I stopped to speak to him.

"And is it true that you are married, Kane?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I should like to go and see your wife if I may. Where do you live?"

He at once gave me an address; but Mrs. Kane did not live there, and no one in that neighborhood had ever heard of such people.

Concluding that he had his own reasons for misleading me, we determined to respect them, and accordingly made no further enquiries; and for the next two years we lost sight of him entirely. During the winter of the second year the Lancashire operatives suffered terribly from the prevalent commercial depression, and consequent want of work. Soup kitchens, and clothing clubs, and every other effort known to the charitable, was being made to prevent starvation and relieve distress, but numbers of the people died nevertheless, and quite a third of the population tramped away to other places in search of work; and as we heard nothing of Kane we thought it likely that he had drifted away with the rest. One day, however, I was told that a poor woman wanted to see me. This was an hourly occurrence, and we were all more or less worn with the constant strain. She was a delicate-looking woman, poorly, but cleanly clad, with a sweet and patient face.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," she said, "but will ye please come to see me husband? Shure he's dying, he is. He wouldn't let me come to ask ye for nawthing, but now he's going, he'd like to spake wid ye, if ye'd be so good."

"Who is your husband?" I asked.

"Kane!"

She led me up a narrow stair into a large, light garret, a poor place, furnished

with a chair and table and box or two, but little else.

On the floor in the corner nearest to the scrap of fire was a straw mattress covered with canvas, and on this the old, worn soldier lay, partially dressed, and propped with a pillow made of a sack stuffed with straw and covered with an old rug. His wife took off her shred of a shawl and spread it over his feet, which were bare. He was evidently dying, but the bushy beard which he had grown since I saw him last was neatly trimmed, so also was his hair, and there was a general air of cleanliness about him, as of discipline and order successfully struggling to the last with poverty and death.

He brought his thin right hand to his forehead when I entered, and tried to look impassive as the men do when they salute their officers, but he was too weak to conceal the gleam of satisfaction that lit his haggard countenance on seeing me.

There was a little box near the bed, and I sat down upon that. The snow was falling softly outside, and Kane was very cold, but fortunately we knew only too well what would be wanted when we were sent for in those days, and a servant had followed me with food and fuel and wine and warm blankets. When I covered Kane up with the latter, he patted them with a pleased expression, and then hid his poor benumbed hands beneath them, glad of the grateful warmth. His wife resumed her thin shawl, and stood in apathetic silence, watching the servant making up the fire. I gave her some wine, and then she sat down, staring stupidly before her, while great tears fell at intervals unheeded on her folded hands.

"Oh, Kane!" I said, "why didn't you send for me sooner?"

The woman roused herself upon that, and answered for him.

"He wouldn't, ma'am, because we wasn't married—leastways, not as you would like. I had another husband, and he bate me, and he bate the children, and he took every penny I earned, and spent it on dhrink; and Kane ses, ses he, 'Mary,' ses he, 'if you'll marry me, I'll pecter ye,' says he, and I couldn't because of the other mon. But he went away, and it was a hard battle to keep the childer, but I did it, and got a little home about me, and had a shilling in me pocket, and me close dacent, and the childer nate and clane; and then he come back and bate me again, and druv the childer out into the street, and used language such as niver was, and sould all me things for the dhrink, and Kane ses,

ses he, 'Mary,' ses he, 'don't ye be afther standing it,' says he. 'Hev him up, and the magistrate 'll separate ye, and thin ye can marry me,' ses he. 'I've got me pension, and you and the childer shan't starve, whatever comes,' ses he. So I had him up, and the magistrate separated us, and gave him six months; but the praste wouldn't marry me and Kane. He said I was still me other husband's wife, but Kane wouldn't belave it after all the magistrate had said about granting a separation; so we went to the registry, and Kane tould him I hadn't a husband, and he married us his way. And Kane kep' his word by me and the childer, he did, true for ye, ma'am. But the bad times cam, and I could get no work, neither could he, and what was his pension, ma'am? a shilling a day, and three of them a week for lodgings, and five childer to keep. And I wanted him to go to you, and he wouldn't, because why, he ses, ses he, we wasn't married as you would like. And Kane got waker and waker wi' givin' his bread to the childer; and thin, ma'am, me first husband cam back, and they had a set-to, and Kane got the worst of it, and he's laid there iver since, three months. And I wanted to go to you, and he wouldn't let me, because, he ses, ses he, we wasn't married as you would like. But me first husband was killed last week, ma'am in a street row, and then Kane ses to me, ses he, 'Fetch the praste, Mary,' ses he. And the praste cam this morning, and we was marrid again, and then Kane ses, 'Mary,' ses he, 'go for the missus now.' So I cam."

Too late. Three days afterwards I covered the straw mattress with hot-house flowers, the best to be had for love or money, and stood looking down at the quiet face, pinched from privation, but placid, with the look of content upon it which it had worn from the moment I entered his room.

Poor Kane! — poor ignorant Kane! immoral old Irish reprobate; liar, drunkard, inciter to bigamy, would-be suicide — dead for want of bread he had given to his rival's children, dead defending them and the woman he loved — faithful, honest, uncomplaining, considerate to the last; his poor, decrepit body gone to its hard-earned rest, but the chivalrous soul so long concealed from the world that wants words, ah! where in Heaven's justice will it be when opportunities are considered, virtues weighed against vices, and the award of merit meted out to prince and private alike by the power which is no respecter of persons?



From The Nineteenth Century.

# 1799—A RUSTIC RETROSPECT.

I HAVE long intended to write the annals of my country parish. "Good intentions," however, as Dr. South puts it, "are no warrant for good actions," and "one of these days" never comes. The difficulty lies in determining at what point to begin. I could not start at an epoch less than ten thousand years ago at the very latest, and to bring the history down to our own time would occupy me—according to a calculation which I recently elaborated—during a period of at least a century and a half. I shrink from this protracted labor. Most men desire to be at rest a little after they have attained their ninetieth year. Accordingly, my projected *opus magnum* seems to be vanishing from my hopes of execution. I am losing

the dream of doing, and the other dream of done.

What if I take a single year, and see how it will look?

I was asking myself this question the other day, when a lady friend of mine put into my hands a lock of hair. It was a thick, straight lock; the hair was very fine, not now silky; indeed, it was very dry, very straight, about nine inches long, and auburn in color. It was wrapped up in a bit of brown paper of ancient manufacture, probably quite a century old. The hair was much older. On the paper there was an inscription dated 1799. I will tell you more about it by and by.

As I meditated, a desire came strongly upon me to know what was going on in this Arcadian paradise when this lock of hair was found, and I could find no rest till I had gone some way towards reconstructing the little community and bringing it to life again. But it is idle and foolish to give the reins to Imagination unless Fact acts as a charioteer and holds the ribbons. So I went to my documents, and the past came back at my call, gradually peopled with living forms that rose about me, the dry bones stirring, "bone to his bone," and the flesh mysteriously growing round the skeletons, and men and women standing up and staring at me, "a very great army."

In Skeorn's Inga in the year 1799 there were just four hundred and thirty-four inhabitants. Yes, that was the exact number. There was a census held in 1801 as every one knows, and this is the return: "We find four hundred and thirty-nine Persons, including children of every age,

of whom two hundred and twenty are Males, and two hundred and nineteen are females. Most of our males, except children, are employed in Agriculture; but we have one blacksmith, one Wheelwright, and one tailor. We have *fifty-five inhabited houses, occupied by seventy-five families*, and two houses uninhabited." To this there ought to have been added, as there was added ten years later: "There is one School Master, who employs one Usher to teach the Parish Children Gratis, one Publican, and one Bricklayer [who keeps a beerhouse]."

But during the two previous years there had been fourteen births and nine deaths, leaving the actual population four hundred and thirty-four in the year 1799.

Before we go on, let us pause to notice the ghastly fact that there were in the whole parish no more than fifty-five houses all told, and that in those fifty-five houses there were living *seventy-five families*. Exclude from these fifty-five houses those that were occupied by the farmers and others who were above the laboring class, of whom I could tell you more than you would care to listen to, and the conviction is forced upon me that in the year 1799 there was an average of at least two families living in every laborer's dwelling in the parish, and the consequent average of illegitimate births was at least three a year, as shown by the registers. I for one have been loud in denouncing the shameful condition of our cottages in Arcady, and in lifting up my voice against the abominable hovels in which our peasantry are allowed to bring up their families. But it is fair to say that the state of things disclosed by this dreadful return for the year 1799 has passed away. We have no such shocking record as this against us. The world does move on, for all our grumbling. Here things are not as they ought to be, but they are immensely better than they were, and, with a population increased in a century by more than one-half, we have three times as many houses as we had; and as for two families occupying one house, the thing is hardly tolerated.

The return quoted above is by no means a satisfactory one, for it tells us nothing about the *aristocracy* of the parish, among whom I happen to know that there were in the year 1799 no fewer than three clergymen, of whom the schoolmaster was one, and his "usher" another. But let us descend to particulars.

In the first place, there was Christopher Andrews Girling, Esq., J.P., who took up his residence in the parish in this year—



1799. That of itself was an event; for it had been a long time since any one of his degree had lived at Skeorn's Inga, and he stood alone. He lived in what is still sometimes called the "gentleman's house;" and such as it was, so it has remained, substantially unaltered for a century. It had only recently been erected, and I think it must have been built for Mr. Girling, as it certainly was upon his small property, and was within a stone's throw of a farmhouse which his posterity own at the present moment. "A mansion," do you ask? That depends upon what your notion of a mansion is. It was and is an eight-roomed house, with an appendix consisting of a larder and a dairy, and two small chambers over them. There was a dining-room and a drawing-room on the ground floor. Behind the drawing-room there was the study and business room of the worthy magistrate; behind the dining-room, the kitchen; and there was only a single staircase.

Please to note that our grandfathers of the gentry class in our country villages, as late as one hundred years ago, were not all spoiled by the march of luxury; they stood upon their rank and recognized position; they did not think that gentility is nothing without a princely income. They had still the foolish superstition, now almost extinct among us, that "gentle is as gentle does." We had *grades* in those days, and distinctions in social grade were acknowledged as realities; they stood for something that was behind, but they implied something that would display itself in the outward bearing, too. When a man has some deference shown him by his neighbors who are as rich or richer than himself, it may increase his arrogance and conceit if he is at bottom a vulgarian, but it will tend infallibly to increase his self-respect if he is not only of gentle birth, but of gentle nature, too. Mr. Girling was a gentleman, and it came quite easy to him to live in an eight-roomed house with no back staircase and no back kitchen. You, Mr. Gigadibbs, would resent being invited to eat your mutton in such a mean domicile; and yet, it may be, it may be, that the door of our gentleman's house would not have been thrown open to such as you a century back; and if you had had the audacity to slap the J.P. upon the back, and address him as "Old fellow!" you would have suffered rather surprisingly and very promptly for your presumption and impertinence.

There was another gentleman's house in Skeorn's Inga in the year 1799, to wit, the

rectory; but that was a more pretentious edifice. To begin with, it had once been surrounded by a wide and deep moat, over which a drawbridge led from the rectory to the church, which stood to the north of it. The moat had, however, been filled up long before this time, though it is easy to see the traces of it to this day; and the highroad, which in old times had gone curling and meandering round the little fields hereabout in the most fantastic fashion, had at some time or other been tyrannically carried straight across the northern side of the parson's moat, and the carriers' wagons had been saved a long *détour*, and the parson's house had been thereby separated from his church by the aforesaid highroad. A grievance, doubtless, to the reverend gentleman, who peradventure had grumbled not a little, and fretted and fumed, and said to his neighbors, "It's always the way! The parson is always made the scapegoat, and if some one's land has to be taken, it's always the parson who has to suffer!" All which is perfectly true, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be! And yet, why should I not take the other view? Is not it just as probable that when the road wanted altering—and wanted it badly—it was the parson who suggested the improvement; and that it was he who took the initiative, and offered to give up his old moat, and gave it to the parish, and took all the trouble, and bore the chief burden of it, and was worried by the people for his proposal, and yet somehow managed to carry it through at last? For that, too, is "always the way," and if in our country parishes some one has to make a sacrifice for the public convenience, it really is always the parson who shows the example; and I am happy to know it is almost always the case that he is the last man who is "backward in coming forward."

Be it as it may, in the year 1799 there stood the old rectory, with its garden and its meadow, as it had stood for centuries, in the very centre of the parish. Six or seven roads from all the points of the compass seemed to start from this spot, where the church and the rectory stood side by side; and, now that the moat was gone, the parson's house and bit of glebe were surrounded on all sides by a road from which the others branched off. All the little world of Skeorn's Inga wanted the parson in those days, couldn't do without him, knocked at his door day and night, and found him at home; for it so happens that during the last seven or eight hundred

years a non-resident rector of this parish has hardly been heard of. Here they have lived, as a rule; here they have died. If we have not been among the best of the clerical order, we have not been the worst—in fact, we have been a very fair average lot on the whole. I am not ashamed of my predecessors, though I am bound to confess that the best of them was not he who was the last occupant of the *old* rectory. Alas! of that old rectory there is not a stone left except the wall that protects the mouth of the old well, which is still a dangerous abyss for calves and colts and lambkins; and the old meadow no longer belongs to the benefice, and several of the old roads have been thrown into the adjoining fields—and things are not as they were.

In the year 1799 the rector of Skeorn's Inga was a personage still; he had another living, which he served by a curate. A man can't be in two places at once, you know, and if a man has two houses and two estates, he makes his choice for the most part, and he lives in one and he puts a housekeeper in the other; unless, indeed, he can let it to a tenant who will pay him rent for the convenience. That was the way in which our grandfathers looked at the matter, whether the estates in question were ecclesiastical or lay; and I am not so very certain that the day may not come when the noble army of the have-nots will begin to denounce pluralities among the laity in the same way that they denounced pluralities among the clergy a generation back. But I shall be dead before that comes to pass, and I do not think that by the time such gabble begins to be riotous

My dust will hear it, and beat,  
When I've lain for a century dead!

Those points mean that I have left out an immense mass of the most delightful and deeply interesting information, which our editor would not admit into the pages of this review. These editors have a great deal to answer for! I may, however, at this point tell you who the rector was, even though I tell you as yet nothing more than his name. He was the Rev. John Beevor, and he had been rector here ten years in 1799. His curate at Scarning was the schoolmaster mentioned in the census return. Do not make the mistake of supposing that this schoolmaster was one of your certificated elementary gentleman, employed in screwing up small boys and girls to pass their standards in the

three R's. The dignified personage who acted as schoolmaster here left that work to the usher, whom he paid a pittance "to teach Parish Children Gratis." He himself flew at higher game. Mr. Priest was the senior wrangler of his year in 1780, and was elected master of Scarning School in 1789. His predecessor was the Rev. Robert Potter, the first translator of *Æschylus* and of *Euripides* into English verse; and if you superciliously assume that they were but indifferent performances, it is only because you don't know what you are talking about. Scarning School was a famous school under Mr. Potter; and under Mr. Priest it was not likely to go down in public estimation. Mr. Priest had a good house, warranted to hold twenty-four boarders, and he enlarged it after a fashion, and took a great many more than the twenty-four. They say that he was the real author of "*Valpy's Greek Grammar*," and I believe the fact is so. At any rate, he published a great deal else; and he was a leading agriculturist, too, and a man of various accomplishments; and he held two or three livings while he kept on his school; nevertheless, he continued to reside in the schoolhouse, and to act as curate of the parish, which had for him a strange attraction, till his death. He was a man of *tastes*, and therefore of expensive habits; but there was "a rift in the lute," which, as this is not a scandalous chronicle, I am not going to tell you about. One thing is certain, that he died insolvent, though his wife bore him no children, and though he must, all his life, have enjoyed a much larger income than his neighbor, Mr. Girling, who lived within his means and made a liberal provision for his family.

I cannot refrain at this point from putting on record certain traditions that were still handed about, only a few years ago, regarding the once famous school at Skeorn's Inga; they have almost faded from memory now, and some of them will die out altogether when I pass out of remembrance. The school was founded by a certain William Seckar, a thriving yeoman, who lived all his life in the parish, and died there at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The good man left the bulk of his property, consisting of a house and an estate in land now extending to about one hundred acres, to his wife Alice for life, and after her death "for the maintenance of one free school to be kept forever in the said house, while the world endure, in Scarning." Mistress Alice was a prize, and a prize not hard to win neither.

Her first husband died on the first of November, 1604, and Alice married her second on the 3rd of December following. This second husband was buried on the 6th of December, 1608, and Alice married her third husband on the 7th of January following. A month and a day was regarded by this buxom widow as a reasonable interval to elapse between "the funeral baked meats" and the "marriage-tables." When, however, she was left a widow for the third time in 1622, no fourth aspirant for her hand came forward, and she died, lonely and neglected, in 1638, and our school was forthwith started. Then followed seven or eight years of abominable jobbery and robbery and litigation as the natural consequence, and the school was only brought into actual working order about forty years after the founder's death, and ten or twelve years after his relict had joined the majority. At last, however, it did begin to work in earnest, and the usual precedent was followed: The sons of the laborers were by no means allowed to contaminate the children of the yeomanry and the farmers. These latter were taught by the master himself. And they were taught well and carefully and successfully too. The school for more than a century had a surprisingly good record at the University of Cambridge. The laborers' children were taught by an "usher," whose time was given to teach the three R's, while in the evenings his business was with the master's boarders who came from all parts of Norfolk and Suffolk, and were the sons of the gentry great and small. Two grandsons of Roger North of Rougham were educated at Scarning, and I have a note somewhere which says that one of these boys twice—actually twice!—set the schoolhouse on fire, and was *not* tried for arson; because, I suppose, the fire was put out in time, and because his father was an important person in the county. Later on the future Lord Thurlow was at the school; and the tone of the place was not likely to have been raised by the influence of that coarse and boisterous lord chancellor *in posse*. Peter Routh, the father of the venerable master of Magdalen College, Oxford, was one of Thurlow's schoolfellows, and many another who need not be named. Lord Thurlow seems to have had some sort of sneaking regard for his old school; for when he became lord chancellor he promoted Mr. Potter to a prebendal stall in Norwich; though that was but a poor recognition of the literary labors of a scholar who was the first translator of the

Greek dramatists into the English language.

But consider how things have changed. Note that we have found a county magistrate living, in a little out-of-the-way village, in an eight-roomed house with a lean-to. A school which had a high academic reputation, though it never could have had fifty boys in it, with a senior wrangler as its master—he, too, a benefited clergyman, and yet acting as curate of the parish for the resident rector; and a third clergyman, usher of the school, itinerating through a rather large circuit of adjoining parishes, where there were no parsons to look after the poor sheep, and no parsonage houses for the vicars or rectors to live in, if they had been so inclined. Another noticeable indication of the frugal manner of life which prevailed among the lesser gentry in Norfolk, and elsewhere, too, a hundred years ago, is afforded by one tradition that has often been repeated to me. Here it is. I've heard grandfather say that when Mr. Priest was at his best there was scores o' young gents as used to come to school as day-boys, 'cause there was no room for 'em to board; and they used to come on dickies [donkeys], and some on 'em used to have a dickie for two—ride and tie like. I've heard grandfather say he's seen a good dozen of 'em turned out on Podmoor—that wasn't inclosed in those days—and the *mischievous* boys as didn't like the young gents, and used to fight 'em pretty hard when they got a chance, would take and hunt them dickies a mile or two off on to Daffy Green, so as the young gents when they came out o' school had a rare dance to get their dickies!" Poor little weary urchins! "But why didn't they come in donkey-carts?" My benevolent and commiserating friend, what an innocent you must be to think that there was a spring donkey-cart in Norfolk a hundred years ago, or a parish road in Norfolk over which a donkey could drag a cart with a couple of lads in it for, say, a couple of miles, when the ruts were three feet deep!

Mr. Priest had a comfortable house enough, but I gather that his boarders did not live with him, but in a range of squalid, rickety buildings, of which some portion still remains. They must have been wretched places, for the best part of them are now turned into four miserable and disgraceful hovels, where four families still continue to "pig" after a fashion, and where no human beings ought to be allowed to live. I suspect that young

North's soul revolted at the accommodation provided for him and his schoolfellows, and that in righteous indignation he applied the torch; or it may be that he only wanted to burn that luckless usher in his bed, and to roast him alive for acting his part as gaoler over "the young gents." But this outbreak of virtuous indignation (assuming it to be such—and you know we ought to make the best of our fellow-creatures' little peccadilloes) happened long before 1799, though of course at that time it was one of the well-worn traditions of the school.

Among the "young gents" who were Mr. Priest's boarders at Skeorn's Inga a few years later than the time I am writing of, was a small boy named Edward Hall Alderson. His father was recorder of Norwich, and the son was an infant prodigy. Unlike many another infant prodigy, he lived to justify, and more than justify, all the great expectations that were formed of him in his childhood; for at Cambridge he was the last man who ever won the chancellor's medal for classical scholarship after being declared senior wrangler, not to mention other distinctions, which make his academical career the most brilliant on record; and he ended by being raised to the exchequer court, as Baron Alderson, in 1834, retaining that high position till his death in 1857. I assume that it was Mr. Priest's reputation as an eminent mathematician which led the recorder of Norwich to send his promising son to be *grounded* at our school. The boy remained here some two or three years, and then he was removed to Bury St. Edmunds. But Mr. Priest ought in justice to have some credit for the great lawyer's early training; and if the pupil was senior wrangler of his year, it should be remembered that the master was senior wrangler of *his*. I have known one of his schoolfellows who remembered little Alderson here; but my aged friend was a big boy when young Alderson was a little one, and between the big boys and the little boys in a school, except in cases where the younger is the elder's fag, there is a very broad distinction, whatever the difference may be.

I think you have had enough about our school, though not nearly as much as my inveterate garrulity would give you, if you were worthy of it. I must get back to the rector of Skeorn's Inga in 1799. The Rev. John Beevor was presented to this rectory by Sir John Lombe, the patron, in 1789, and he held the living for nineteen years. He had not been many years in

residence before the good folk in Norwich all went wild about a young painter who had become the fashion, and who was now rising in estimation every day. He managed to win a very beautiful and accomplished bride in the person of Amelia Alderson—a cousin, I think, of the future baron of the exchequer; and among other people who gave Mr. Opie a commission was the rector of Skeorn's Inga. When the present writer first took root in this neighborhood, this picture of the Rev. John Beevor was still hanging up in the little dining-room. It was very far from being a good specimen of the artist's workmanship, and so when, ten or eleven years ago, somebody laid claim to it as his property, I let him have it without weeping, though for old tradition's sake it might better have been left where it was. I like to think that young Alderson saw that picture painted here—going in and out while his beautiful and gifted cousin watched the lad, not without many curious speculations as to whether he would turn out all she and other of his kindred hoped and expected he would develop into. As to the Rev. John, the best thing I know about him is that he gave Opie one of his earliest commissions.

He was a big, burly, sloppy sort of a man. They tell how he had an enormous appetite, and could never get enough to eat at home. There was, and still is, a second-rate inn at the adjoining town of Dereham, where some of the coaches used to change horses and the carriers put up their vans. Here a good deal of eating and drinking went on. The people say that when the parson had devoured all he could find at the rectory—and in those days people used rarely to dine later than four—he would be driven down to the George; and, as one of my old people put it, "there Parson Beevor 'd *George* *hissself*—leastwise, that was what I've heard 'em say!" He had married a lady of some fortune, and the rustics had a strong regard for her; but their affection seems to have been mixed with pity. "I've heard my mother say as she used to come and call in sometimes, and talk won'ful quick-like and kindly, for five minutes at a time; and then she'd sit still and say nothing for ever so long, only look wistful-like at the children, and take and pat 'em, and say nothing, only pat 'em and pat 'em. Sometimes the little 'uns 'd get scared, and she'd get up and go away, and say nothing, only look wistful-like." It was just as well the poor woman had no family, as things turned out.

The Rev. John was a masterful sort of a person. There were oak benches in the nave of the church in those days—they were all “restored” off the face of the earth some thirty years ago; but I cannot hear that there were any in the chancel. So the Rev. John took it into his head that he would put up two pews in the chancel; one for himself and the *wistful* lady and his family, whoever they might be, and one for his servants. But Sir John Lombe was a masterful man too, and, moreover, he too was rector of Scarning. For this benefice consists of two mediocrities; one is of necessity held by the clergyman of the parish, the other may be held by anybody, male or female. When the Rev. John took it into his head to put up two pews in the chancel, Sir John Lombe, as lay-rector, intervened, and reminded his clerical better-half that he too owned the chancel, and was rector of the benefice, and inasmuch as Mr. Beevor had thought fit to erect two pews without consulting his colleague in the preferment, he, Sir John, claimed one of the pews as his—and he appropriated it accordingly. What happened I cannot tell. But that the masterful baronet ever actually did come and take his seat in the rectorial pew, and thereby assert his right, I never heard, though there are strong reasons for suspecting that he did come to Skeorn’s Inga now and then. But thereby hangs a tale, and a romance, too, which I am not going to tell, though I am prepared to sell it at a price to any distinguished and competent novelist who wants a plot and cannot invent one.

Now it came to pass that on the 28th of April, 1799, Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. John Beevor, died aged forty-five years, and she was buried on the 5th of May. The wistful lady laid her down and slept. At last her earthly yearnings and dreams and regrets were all over. In those days, it must be remembered that the place of dignity for the parson and his belongings to be buried in was the chancel, and in the chancel accordingly they prepared to find a place for all that was left of the wistful lady. But the chancel was very, very full of the mortal remains of Skeorn Inga’s rectors, not to speak of all the small gentry who had been laid there in large number for centuries. It would never have done to disturb the grave of any man whose representatives were still living in the parish. That would have resulted in such a revolt from authority as would have been frightful to contemplate. But about a hundred years before this time there

had been a certain Mr. Blackhall living in Skeorn’s Inga, who was one of the gentry of the place; the family had long ago been extinct, and the name almost forgotten in the parish. It would have been altogether forgotten but for certain rather handsome ledgerstones that were lying in the chancel. One of these covered the mortal remains of a little daughter who had survived her two sisters, and who, just as she had entered on her thirteenth year, had been taken away from the grieving parents. There were no Blackhalls now to enter a protest, and so, when the Rev. John Beevor wanted to find a place for the wistful lady, he bethought him of the little damsel’s place of burial, and he resolved that there his late partner should be laid. So the great stone was raised and the old grave was opened, and there lay the little damsel, or all that was left of her. The coffin fell to pieces, and in it, lo! there was the skeleton of a little girl, all shrouded in long, auburn hair, which had grown in great profusion, apparently for years after she had been entombed; and as they looked there was a change, and the muddy vesture of decay crumbled, but the long hair remained; and first one and then another cut off a lock, and I had one of those long locks in my hand not many weeks ago. I know there are many authorities who stoutly deny that the thing is possible. I know that an accomplished friend of mine, who is one of the aristocrats of the world of science, smiled the chilling smile of incredulity when I told him what I had heard, and what I had seen, and how I had held that lock of hair in my hand. But I know, too, that facts are stubborn things, though we all do resolutely accept such facts as square with our pet theories, and bravely reject such facts as go against our views of what the laws of the universe are. Also, I know of one eminent man of science, who was a burning and shining light in his day, who had one magnificent saying, which stood him in good stead many a time and oft, which I seriously commend to the notice of all sceptics and Philistines of every sort and degree. They are welcome to it. “Give me theories, sir! I can understand them; but confound facts! I don’t believe them!”

There is a sequel to this my account of the year 1799 in Skeorn’s Inga. The Rev. John laid his wife in her grave, and he went home from that funeral a lonely widower on the 5th of May, and he found absolutely nothing to eat in his house.



There is a ghastly tradition that he was seized with fierce spasms of hunger, and that he found the kitchen fire out, and nothing but dry bread upon the premises. Decency would have suggested that he should fast; the dreadful sense of emptiness drove him to the George. When the sun arose on the next May morning his appetite had returned; to his dismay, he found nothing to satisfy his cravings but the driest of dry bread. It was terrible! Then his cook demanded an interview, and, in reply to his complaints and inquiries, she announced that she was going to go. Why people should ever declare that they are going to go instead of simply going, it is difficult to understand; but this is the way that some people have when they signify their resolve to proceed on a certain course of action. The Rev. John was at his wits' end. Starvation stared him in the face. He had never engaged a servant in his life; if this woman should desert him he was a lost man. To die of starvation in his own house was a fate too tragical to contemplate. There was only one way out of it. Would that cook be induced to stay? Wages should not part them. What would secure her services? She smiled contemptuously, but only too significantly. Slowly came the *ultimatum*. On one condition, and one only, would she continue to act as the provider for that unhappy widower, and that condition was—marriage! The bargain was struck, and on the 6th of July, *two* months and a day after the wistful lady was laid in her grave, "John Beevor of this Parish, Clerk, Widower," says the register, "and Bridget Lee of this Parish, *likewise* Widow, were married in this Church by License . . . by me, Samuel Horsfall, Minister," and the book was signed by John Beevor and by Bridget Lee, *X her mark*. The woman could not write her name!

Did the happy pair start upon their honeymoon? Did they stay where they were? What did the neighbors say? How did such a disgraceful and disgusting *mésalliance* turn out? Only this much I know, that the reverend gentleman from this day simply dropped out. He appears never again to have officiated in the church. The rectory was soon let to a gentleman of independent means, of whom nothing is known, and who possibly may have settled in the parish for the sake of such advantages as the school in those days afforded. The church was served, and the pastoral visitation of the people, such as it was, was carried on by Mr. Priest

and his usher; and the Rev. John took up his abode at Norwich, in the principal street of the city, and made himself conspicuous there by affixing to his front door an enormous brass plate, on which was inscribed in huge letters his name and title, "Rector of Scarning."

There is one tradition, however, or there was one a very few years ago, which reflects some credit upon the rank and file of the peasantry here a hundred years ago. However much the neighboring clergy and others of their rank might have been willing to condone this indecent marriage, and however much the farmers might be ready to hold their tongues and say nothing when there was nothing to gain and something to lose by protesting, the laboring class were indignant, and did not hold their peace. In their rough way they retained some regard and affection for the wistful lady who had patted their little ones, talked with their wives, sat down in their poor hovels, and somewhat shyly and awkwardly had done them many a kind service. They resented the wrong done and the disrespect shown to their only gentle friend. The lady was gone, and in her place had come a common woman, to whom they gave such names as suited their humor—and they did not spare her. Then they hooted the Rev. John if he showed himself outside his own gate. They watched for him on his way to and from the little inn, where he still would go "to George hisself," and the place became too hot for the rector and his mate. In fact, the people hunted him out of the parish, and he went his way, and was heard of no more.

And thus it was that this year 1799 proved to be the *annus mirabilis* of Skeorn's Inga—now ninety-two years ago. There is only one among us now who was alive when all this happened—our dear old Biddy; she was four years old then, but she did not come and live here till many years after.

All whose fathers had any stories to tell about that time have gone from us. Now we live a mere humdrum life; though, who knows but that, a century hence, some gossiping antiquarian chronicler may fish up here and there a scrap of Old-World scandal, and hold it up to the light for our posterity to smile or wonder at when distance lends enchantment to the view. Who can tell what that line of beauty is which separates the sublime from the ridiculous, or how infinitely subtle are the distinctions which make almost the very same incidents mean and vulgar



or tender and heroic as they emerge from the mists of the past?

I sometimes wonder what the chronicler of the future will have to say of me and my concerns if, by some queer chance, he finds a fragment of my personality intruding itself upon his notice in ages to come—say in the year 3000 A.D. What a huge accumulation of *mythus* will have grown up by that time concerning the habits and status and belief and character of the country parsons of England! By that time, will there be anything picturesque in the world? Who will say?

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

---

From The National Review.  
THE FARMER-MONK.

THERE is, as many have said, a singular sweetness produced in well-regulated and well-disposed minds by lonely labor in the fields, when earth and heaven, with their manifold sights and sounds, are unalloyed by the world's intrusion. In the "mysterious temple of the dawn, in which we of noisy mess-rooms, heated courts, and dusty offices are infrequent worshippers, the peasant is a priest. There he offers up his hopes and fears for rain and sunshine; there he listens to the anthems of birds we rarely hear, and interprets auguries that for us have little meaning." What must that influence have been to hearts attuned to the sweet chorus of praise and adoration which earth seems to render to its Maker in such retired spots as those which were chosen by the monks of old time, in what a new sense must nature have become to them the handmaid of grace; to these men, with their belief in the supernatural, and with sacred thoughts and associations in all they did, how this outdoor existence must have produced wonderfully beautiful attitudes of mind, such as we in the world scarcely can picture to ourselves! In this life of tending the earth no morbid excitement found a place, no extraordinary nature was required of the men for it to produce within him the effects of quietness, contentedness, tenderness, and interest in simple and natural things. Not that work in fields or garden was the chief object in the life of a monk; we know that it was but the means to maintain the body in health and strength, and to afford subsistence to the community and to the poor around—God's poor, as they were so prettily entitled by the Church. The life

of the mediæval monastic orders was of necessity more divided between the observance of the divine office (*officium* duty) and manual labor than that of their modern-day descendants. Labor is now more mental; still, among many an order, such as the Carthusian or Cistercian, old and new exist together, and to-day any visitor to those new homes of these men at Cowfold in Sussex, or Charnwood Forest in Leicestershire, will hear the same offices in choir, and see the same labors going on outside, as he might have seen at Beauvale, Henton, Fountains, Netley, or Tintern.

The notion of monasteries being places for disappointed and health-broken men is an entirely false one. No one would be admitted to the novitiate unless sound in body, nor would he be permitted to take the vows after his probation unless there were every probability of his proving a helpful member of the republic. All masters of novices can tell of men testing their vocations, and having to be rejected. The community could not exist a year if the popular notion were true, of sad hearts finding in these houses a refuge where they live yearning after lost loves, or haunted by memories of fearful crimes; spending their lives in their cells, whence rise through the still night air the sounds of their scourgings and their groanings; or of men chaunting sensuously sweet melodies in choir, and out of it indulging in pretty, æsthetic, and false sentimental occupations. The picture is a purely imaginary one. Life was a stern battle to the monk, a battle all round, to subdue his own nature, and to make a very desert place often to blossom into richness and beauty. It is usually thought that the wealthier the monastery became the more luxurious became the life of the monk; and the favorite scene for our painters to depict is an overlaid board surrounded by jovial, Falstaff-like monks, or a cellarer who is smacking his lips over the choice vintages of Europe, or lying helpless under their influence. It is not generally known that the richness of the house made no variation in the fare of the inhabitants. Everything is laid down by the "rule" of the order, and this rule is not only learnt by heart, but its observance is as binding as the hearing of mass on Sunday. No infringement of this code of life by a monk was possible without entailing confession before the whole assembly in the chapter-house; and no alteration could be made in this code by a community willing to do so, without sanction from superiors in vary-

senting the Divine Child in her arms with an apple, the type of the first Adam. At the feet of this group are two monks at prayer. The whole may be read as an allegory of the Order of White Monks. They go to a valley of the shadow of death, where nature is most unsympathetic in aspect, some deadly waste and dark wilderness; but with their firm faith in the second Adam, and their devotion to the second Eve, they mitigate the curse passed upon our first parents, and, instead of thorns and thistles, earth yields for them the corn and vine; and instead of the dirge "Cursed be the earth," they make the canticle of faithful hope arise from the smiling and fertile champagne around, "God shall bless us, and our land shall yield her increase."

Not only were the Cistercians the chief farmers among the monastic orders, but also the great fosterers and promoters of numerous other industries. The iron-works, to which England owes its wealth, were begun by the monk, and mining and smelting were carried on in an extensive manner by the fathers of Kirkstead and Louth Park Abbey. Cloth manufacture was another of the industries they conducted; at Buckfast, in Devon, their old cloth-mill, now a blanket factory, is close to the walls of one of their earliest houses in this country, and it is not improbable that the wayside crosses, that are to be still met with upon lonely moorlands and in forsaken bye-ways, were the posts guiding the bearers of the monks' produce to some port or sister house.

The Præmonstratensian, or the White Canon, had not so many houses in England as his brother the White Monk; their chief ones were Torre (now Torquay), East Dereham, and Hales Owen, and they have of recent years been installed at Spalding, Lincolnshire. They adopt the same type of ascetic and useful busy country life as is seen in the Cistercian rule; they too were like that king of Judah, Ozias by name, of whom it is written that "he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord," and that "he was a man that loved husbandry." A pretty story is told of one who afterwards entered their order. He was the son of poor people in Cologne's ancient city, and each day on his way to school he paid a visit to our Lady's Altar, and before her image he said his simple prayers with a right lowly, loving, and trusting heart. One day he bore with him an apple for his dinner, and in childish love and faith he offered this to the figure of his Mother in Heaven;

"which thing," says the legend, "pleased our Blessed Lady, and she, stretching forth her hand, took the apple and gave it to our Lord Jesus, who sat upon her knee, and both smiled upon Herman!" This was the beautiful Saint Herman Joseph who began his life so faithfully as a child.

The Carthusians were the first and greatest horticulturists of Europe. Choosing their homes, like their mother house of Chartreux, in remote and barren districts, they devoted themselves to the making of the waste places of service to man, rendering the sterile heights near Grenoble a garden, and transforming the marshes of Pavia into fruitful fields. They have always been remarkable for their skill in gardening; a skill in a great way owing to each monk having, at the back of his dwelling, a small plot of ground, where he can work his fancy and test his theories. Their houses are built on a plan different from that of the Cistercian; the great quadrangles, with cloistral walks, have dwelling-houses opening from them, and each house is a hermitage, containing a sleeping and working room, and one for exercise; behind is the small piece of ground already mentioned. A grille, or window, is beside the door into cloister, through which the daily fare is received. No flesh meat is ever eaten, and solitude and silence are observed. The great church stands between two quadrangles, and is severely plain and unadorned. Their knowledge of herbs and their virtues is very great, and many a plant bears the name of, and owes its culture to, the children of St. Bruno.

From the celebrated nursery gardens of the same fathers, near the Luxembourg, in Paris, the great part of Europe was long supplied with fruit trees, etc., and their catalogue, published in 1752, is a remarkable testimony to their industry and skill. Three centuries ago the last of the old English Carthusian priors was hanged at Tyburn, the head of an order in whose life and conduct not the most searching inquiry could find a flaw, save the usual one, as true of every Catholic to-day as then, the renunciation of the sovereign of the country as spiritual head of the Church. To-day the same life is to be seen in the new charter house of Cowfold, in Sussex, and the fields around and the country at large will soon show the signs and benefit of having the energy and skill of these peaceful, holy men.

Work, work of some useful kind, it mattered little what, was the monk's aim. As hydraulic engineers they were consulted

by the emperor Frederick I., in the thirteenth century, to reclaim the deadly marshes around Milan; and the whole country about owes its reclamation to the fathers of Chiaravalle. Lombardy owes much of its prosperity to the ingenuity and toil of the good men whom they seem now so anxious to get rid of, and it was they who invented the system of "artificial meadows" or "prati di marcita." The method was to divide the land into a number of small parallelograms, with a marked inclination to one side; the water running over these lands is arrested in its descent by the small channels which carry it off to other meadows not so bountifully watered, so that neither summer's heat dries up the grass nor does the winter's flood drown it. They cut crops usually five times a year, and sometimes as many as nine; such is the fertility that the monk has created out of a malarious swamp.

There is a monastery in the Campagna, without the gates of Rome, called the Tre Fontane, where St. Paul was executed, and where legend tells that the severed head, bounding upon the ground three times, produced the triple springs of water. There the malaria is so deadly that, after long battling to retain their possession of it, the old occupants had to withdraw, for the monks died in rapid succession, and no constitution seemed able to withstand the climate. The Carthusians took it, and began planting the neighborhood with eucalyptus-trees, and now the whole scene is changed, and the pestilence has abated.

Such are some of the great farmers among the orders of the Church. To them chiefly, though others share in it, does Europe stand indebted for the rescuing of much of its soil from waste; to them for the fostering of every form of its culture, for many of the vines in its vineyards, the trees in its orchards, and the herbs of its pharmacopœia. It is most interesting to trace the sites of those old nursing grounds on these British Isles, and we may still do so, if not by actual remains, yet by the names which have remained unaltered.

Some of our English monasteries had remarkable vineyards, consisting of several acres, and the title and the enclosing walls are yet frequently preserved. The vineyard-keeper and the gardener were included among the "masters of the Church" at Evesham, so important was the office. The monks of St. Edmund's Bury planted vines in 1140, and the vale of Gloucester abounded in them, accord-

ing to William of Malmesbury. St. Augustin's Monastery, at Canterbury, had its vineyards in St. Martin's parish in Edward III.'s day, and Rochester had its at Halling and Snodland, and other places. There are many more records of how the monks made the vine to grow in this land of England at Peterborough, Faversham, Gloucester, Denby Abbey, and Beaulieu. It was cultivated by ecclesiastics in Europe much earlier of course, and in the fourth century the great St. Martin of Tours planted vineyards in Touraine, and in the next, St. Remi left, by testament to various churches, his vines in the territory of Rheims and Laon.

In orcharding the old ecclesiastics were no less skilful, and Scott's character of Abbot Boniface of Kennaquhair, who showed so much delight in the trees of his own planting and grafting, is a very true picture in that respect. To the monks we owe the cultivation and introduction of the best of our varieties of fruits, especially pears and apples, and Loudoun unhesitatingly attributes this to them. One of, perhaps, the earliest memorials of British fruit-culture is the planting of the apple in Normandy by religious men from Monmouthshire, a kindness which thirteen centuries later Normandy is returning to Britain. In the sixth century St. Teilo was a monk at what is now Llantwit Major in Glamorganshire; he became Bishop of Llandaff, and then succeeded St. David as Archbishop of Minevia, a name now replaced by that of its first archbishop. The two, together with St. Padarn, are called the "Three Blessed Visitors to the Isle of Britain," a fact which makes one think they were not natives, but, like most missionaries in those times, were the outcome of the Irish schools. The communication between the west of England and Normandy seems to have been very intimate in the early centuries; among those who came over was St. Sampson, the bishop and founder of Dôl, to pay a visit to the Welsh archbishop, and, being struck with the rich sea of glorious apple-blossom perchance, or the vision of its ripening fruit upon the thickly bearing trees, the barrenness of his own land came strongly in contrast to his mind, and he won his host to the work of helping him to introduce the fruitful trees into Normandy; together they set out from Monmouthshire, and planted, we are told, a veritable forest, three miles in extent, stretching from Dôl to Cai, and performed the task chiefly with their own hands. From them it was called the "Grove of SS. Teilo and Sampson,"

and in the twelfth century this arboretum still existed. The manufacture of cider quickly followed, and if so, it could not be said of the Norman bishop what Chaucer, in the "Monk's Tale" says of his biblical namesake, that

This Sampson never Sider drank ne wine.

In the same century the Irish Apostle of the Picts, St. Columb, was making his home at Iona, where mills and dams of his community may still be seen, and where, we are told, he turned bitter crab-apples into sweet ones, *prope monasterium Rororis Campi*.

The next early instance of British horticulture is that of the Abbot Brithnot of Ely Minster, who laid out orchards so extensive and gardens so large that "in a few years the trees which he planted appeared at a distance like a wood laden with the most excellent fruits in great abundance, adding much to the commodiousness and beauty of the place" (Gale). I wonder if a Brithnot pippin or an Ely oslin still remains in name even in the neighborhood! or a St. Teilo apple or St. Sampson pear among the Norman fruits! There is one with quite as ancient a tradition in the neighborhood of Trent in the Tirol, which goes by the name of St. Albuin's Apple, of which Miss Busk tells the tale in her charming book on the "Valleys of the Tirol." "In the neighborhood of Cadine (a suburb of Trent), it is said, St. Ingenuin, one of the early evangelizers of the country, planted a beautiful garden, which was a living model of the Garden of Eden; but so divinely beautiful was it, that to no mortal was it given to find it. Only the holy Albuin obtained by his prayers permission once to find entrance to 'St. Ingenuin's Garden.' Entranced with the delights of the place, he determined at least to bring back some sample of its produce. So he gathered some of its golden fruits to show to the children of earth, and to this day a choice yellow apple, something like our golden pippin, grown in the neighborhood, goes by the name of St. Albuin's Apple."

A great Cistercian house is recalled by the name of a pear which their skill produced, viz., that which takes its name from Wardon Abbey, Beds., and a Wardon pie has become proverbial from its celebrated cooking qualities, or from its having been baked in meat pies in the Middle Ages, as some assert. They seem to have been passing proud of this pear, for it appears

upon their escutcheon,\* "*Asure, 3 Wardon pears, or, two and one,*" and the pear now called Uvedale's St. Germain or Wardon, is an improved sort of the same fruit.

The trace of an old orchard planted by the monks of Malvern is to be found on the highway between that town and Worcester, at a grange called Monklands, in Newland parish. Three or four hundred years ago the religious planted these Barland pears, and they are probably still unequalled in the world, yielding in a good year perry which is worth £600.

The best fruit trees in Scotland are found in the gardens of the monastic houses, and Newte, in his "Tour," says they are all planted on circular causeways of flat ground; this is a wonderfully wise and beautiful plan, not only utilizing hillocks and economizing ground, but making one of the most lovely sights that God's earth affords us in springtime, a cone of that matchless blossom of apple and pear. Most monastic gardens had these mounds planted with fruit or evergreen trees, with a winding path leading to a *pieta* at the top. They were usually Mounts of Olivet with a sculpture of the Agony in the Garden, or such scene, to remind all that

Homo	{	Locatus in	} Horto.
		Damnatus ex	
		Humatus in	
		Renatus in	

In the abbey garden of Lindores, on the south bank of the Tay, in the county of Fife, the pear-trees of the former community still remain, while the shorter-lived apple has disappeared; and it was somewhere in this neighborhood where grew the apple-tree called Morglas, which, according to Gaelic story, was the staff of St. Serf which he threw across from Monteth to Culross on his way to Fife. In the orchard adjoining the ancient Abbey of Melrose, there remained, when Dr. Walker wrote his essays in 1812, some very large pear-trees planted by the former inhabitants. They were of the Golden Knap species, and one measured, in 1795, seven feet two inches, and another seven feet six inches in circumference; and about 1812 one was cut down, quite sound, measuring eight feet ten inches in girth. The celebrated Abbey of Aberbrothwick, the keepers of the Inchcape Bell, produced

\* A beautiful morse, or buckle of a cope, has just been presented to the British Museum by that generous donor, Mr. J. Franks, C.B., which once belonged to the monks of Wardon Abbey, and bears upon its face the arms as described.

an excellent pippin which is still valued and cultivated in the neighborhood, and the Arbroath oslin is a delicious fruit for dessert in August, and the pride of Forfarshire.

The abbey apple-yard is said to have been frequently made in the form of a cross, and very possibly that was so, for these trees have ever had connected with them a sacredness of association which their virtues of fruit and beauty of blossom and wood do not tend to belie, and we find mention made of St. Gertrude at Neustadt, who is said "*Surculos pomorum sua manu inserere intra hortulum ob Divinæ Incarnationis venerationem*" (*Petra Sancta* in "*Mir. Perp.*" c. 16). The Christian nomenclature attached to the varieties of apples and pears also marks this reverent feeling, and it would take several pages to relate; some bear names which carry out the statements we are making; the *Beurré des Capucines* tells of its origin among the Capuchin friars of Louvain; the *Citron des Carmes* came first from the Carmelite house in Paris; and the *Urbaniste* from the nunnery of that order at Malines; the admirable *Poire des Chartreux* and the *Bon Chrétien d'Amiens* are likewise examples.

But it was not only in the vineyard and orchard that the monk was such a benefactor to man; his kale-yard was possibly the source whence we possess to-day in Europe the delicate vegetables we do. It is strange to think how distinct Roman life was in Britain from that of the people of the country; the better legumes introduced by their conquerors for their own use Loudoun thinks must have been entirely lost upon their departure; and without any favorable inclination to the monk, he has to confess that it was he who gave us most of what we now employ. The abbey garden is more difficult to identify than the orchards, and it is usually only by means of the old chartularies that this can be done; it would be placed in the most favorable spot, and the beds would be almost entirely culinary and medicinal. The fathers were shrewd herbalists, the physicians of their house and neighbors, and the names and uses of the simples used by them survive in the folklore of the country-side, the ruin of the old houses, and the expulsion of their inmates. Chaucer tells of a herbery in his Nonnes priest's tale, which appears to have been well stocked with shrubs and medicinal plants; but the most remarkable is that which the Abbot Eginhard drew up the plan of, for Charlemagne, and of which an

account is given in the "*Legislatio domestica de villis et hortis*," translated by Guizot from the capitularies of the great emperor.

It was Charles's desire that both the royal gardens and those of the monasteries in his empire might have a guide to show them what to cultivate, and the abbot, who was his secretary and adviser, chose the plan adopted in his own monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland. There the garden was ruled out into small beds, each with the name of its contents clearly written upon it, and reminds one of the students' herbarium at Kew; save the rose, there does not appear to have been any decorative plants so called amongst them, for the lily was of great fame in both useful and symbolic senses. The same intelligent care and enterprise was no doubt exhibited here as in the pomarium or vinetum, and even now in the woods or fields around a former monastic house may be frequently found foreign plants and medicinal herbs which have strayed away from where they had been introduced and cared for in the olden time. The walls of the cloister of Beaulieu Abbey, Hampshire, are ruddy with *Dianthus Armeria*, by some considered the Sharon's Bloom of the Canticles, and flagrant with esculent thyme which has wandered forth since the White Monk left, and in the forest of Deerfold a band of naturalists found the *Asarum Europæum*, *Datura Stramonium*, *Atropa Belladonna*, *Senecio Squalidus*, and *Aristolochia Clematidis*, all having been cultivated in the district for the use of the ecclesiastical chemist and druggist. The same has been found the case about Buckfast Abbey in Devonshire, we are told, though the varieties have not been specified. By their foreign connections the fathers must often have been able to obtain fresh kinds of herbs and fruits; pilgrims from Eastern lands might occasionally add to their store, like him who is said to have brought the *Crocus Sativus*, or saffron, in his pilgrim staff to Saffron Walden; but it was the crusading days of the thirteenth century which brought ornamental plants to any extent to the West, and it is interesting to notice how many a herb still bears a name telling of the Saracen, the holy city of Jerusalem, and the Knights Hospitaliers. More recent times show the same process. The *Camellia Japonica* was sent to Europe in 1639 by the Jesuit Father Camellus; the china aster in 1730 to the Royal Gardens at Paris by D'Incarville, of the same order; but since botany became a commercial



speculation whole families have been introduced, and at no time has more money been spent on, and care taken of, rare exotics than at the present; but this is almost solely confined to those which minister to decoration, and in the race for novelty the contents of the old gardens have suffered in appreciation. The real knowledge of a plant lies in understanding its virtues and history much more than in its anatomy. Modern botany consists almost entirely in taking specimen after specimen, determining genus and species, examining its microscopical structure, pressing it, and giving it a senseless and unpronounceable name. As in the case of a human being, little is known of the real person simply by stating his family and his appearance, it is the character and history of the man that is the essential thing to learn; and the simple love of herb and flower of old time was far more intrinsically valuable than all the mechanical scientific talk of to-day. Flowers for the festal seasons of the Church, each season with its appropriate flora; flowers grown for their sacred association, pious eyes having detected in them some simile to holy things; flowers bearing the name of some saint, as having been cared for by him on earth or abounding at his feast-day; this would be the character of the contents of the pleasure-garden of a religious house. It is difficult now to know what their names were, and it is only by gathering the traditional titles among the peasantry of Europe that one can hope to trace the store of the monastic Florarium. The works which have appeared during the last fifty years dealing with the subject of the flowers of the saints are all entirely and absolutely without any foundation beyond the invention of Dr. Fors- ter, from whom they have copied, and it has taken the writer of this paper several years of research to collect the more usual secret nomenclature in western Europe.

To tell of the contents of the Physick Garden, where the plants for salves were grown, would be to quote a Herbal, and the immense importance of this corner cannot be realized by us to-day who have an apothecary's shop in every street. Once this was the only chemist's store in the neighborhood, and the doctors lived in one spot; if this should be injured, then with it vanished the curative measures of their leech-craft. We may see how precious a charge the care of the sick has ever been to the Church from the manner in which she strewed the country with hos-

pitals for them. Take the instance of the disease of leprosy which has so interested England of late. There were two hundred and fifty houses for these poor people in this country alone, three thousand in France, all cared for by the Church's hospital orders, and modern science acknowledges it can advance nothing further for the treatment of the leper than was known and practised in every leper-house in old days. It is interesting to know how in the neighborhood of these *ladredries*, such as Melton Mowbray and Burton-Lazars, an abundance of herbs is to be found once used in treatment of the patients. The *sedum acre*, or wall stonecrop, is found at one, and about another the ground will be carpeted with *Lent- nices*, which were originally cultivated for the same purpose; and it would be a pleasing and useful study if local students would note the flora that environs some house of the old faith of England, and learn for what they were valued by the doctors of past time.

The central space of the monk's cloister was called the garth, a word perhaps derived from the Gaelic *girth*, meaning "sanctuary," and church garth was the usual name for a churchyard. At Wells the garth was called the Palm Court, being planted with yew-trees, the English palm, probably for the Palm Sunday procession as well as for their beauty; at Peterborough it is the Laurel Court; at Chester it is the Spryce, more recently Preese, a corruption of "paradise," a name which it still bears at Winchester and Chichester. The Paradise Garth at Beverley is to the east of the minster; at Hereford it is "Our Lady's Arbor" (Havergal, 32), resembling the Maid Arbor at Durham (III. Script. Dunelm, 156) and the Maiden Alley, Chester. It is probably incorrect to suppose that the departed members of the community were laid to rest in the cloister garth, except in the case of Cistercian or Carthusian houses, and the recent excavations at Westminster Abbey in the garth did not bear witness to the popular notion.

There is a lonely farm on the road from Hungerford to Wantage and Oxford, at a place called Watcombe. It has a group of fine old yew-trees, which "time out of mind" has been known as the Paradise. It tells its own history; it was the cloister garth of a religious order, the plan of whose court is marked by the covered alleys of yews in double rows. A once crystal pool is in the midst of the enclosure to recall that other Paradise where

the waters of the four rivers flowed, and of another where a hyaline sea reflects the glory of God. This house was a grange or abbey farm belonging to the Benedictines of Hurley. The good men had made their paradise very exemplarily, for a little to the rear of it they planted a sturdy pair of trees, which they christened "Adam and Eve," the banished authors of our race, and they have put a tree of the male and female species, one producing berries and the other not. Adam is of darker foliage than the fairer Eve; she, however, exceeds him in girth, having a waist of ten feet, while Adam's is only nine feet! Still further removed is a solitary, banned, and blasted trunk called "the Devil," or "Serpent," a hollow scoundrel, but carrying an attractive head of foliage. A great lateral rent has wounded him, but he can enclose five or six persons at a time within his cavernous sides, for he measures twenty feet in circumference.

This word "paradise" applied to the ground surrounding a church is of an antiquity as old as Christianity itself. It was the name given to the forecourt of the Basilica churches whose surrounding porticoes originated the cloister. It is, however, no longer confined to any one side, although it would not probably ever apply to the northern part of a churchyard. A relic is to be found of the once universal name in the title given to the room over the south porch, viz., Parvise chamber, or Paradise chamber, and *Parvis* in France is still the ordinary name for the square in front of a cathedral. The name was a very beautiful and natural one to the people in the ages of faith; to them the church was Heaven on earth, with the presence of God tabernacled above the altar, and the space without the church was Heaven's antechamber. Gradually the desire to be interred within this space made the churchyard a burial-place, and it became a garden sown with the corruptible seed of an immortal harvest, and the thought must ever have been present that the Lord of that harvest had himself been laid in a garden, and himself appeared as a gardener on Easter morning, recalling "God walking in the garden in the cool of the day" in the Paradise of Delights.

It was in the Paradise of Winchester that the good Bishop St. Birstan used to go at midnight out of charity to the poor souls asleep therein and say a psalter for their repose, and where one night as he

finished his pious task with the prayer *Requiescat in pace*, up from the graves around him arose the voices of the many dead, and from this great army numberless came forth the response, Amen. It was, too, in a similar place at Durham that one who had done the same "kind office was once suddenly surprised by assassins, and fled into the midst of the cemetery for refuge, when the whole ground bristled with swords and spears starting out of the ground in his defence, and the long-buried captains for whom he had prayed rose up and came together clad in armor, their weapons in their fleshless hands, but without a sound, and so the ghostly band closed round against his terrified enemies."

It is sad to think how we neglect to plant yew-trees in our gardens and parks, the most beautiful of all our evergreens. It is only modern times which have seen this ostracism practised. In every old garden and pleasure of laic and cleric were to be found mazes, alleys, hedges, and arbors formed of this lovely tree. The associating the thought of death with it is one plea for the prejudice, but it would be nearly as sensible to expel from our gardens all the flowers and shrubs we plant on graves. The yew is much less the tree of death than the tree of Paradise, whose leaves never wither, whose verdure knows no winter, and whose life seems ageless; and the "palm," as they call it in Kent, is an association with the most appreciative moment that man ever showed his Saviour, and it is still used in the processions of the first Sunday in holy week by Roman Catholics of this country.

There is another tree said to be found usually upon land which has once been ecclesiastical property, and that is the wych elm. Both it and the wych hazel are honored in many countries as being two of those beneath whose shade the Holy Family found a shelter from the scorching Eastern sun, or for rest at night, on occasion of the flight into Egypt.

There must be a large amount of interesting tradition remaining in this land of England, the once styled Dowry of Mary, which it would be pleasant to collect and hear in connection with the work of the monks in agriculture and horticulture, and it is to be hoped that something may have been said in this paper to direct attention to the subject.

A. E. P. RAYMUND DOWLING.

From The Leisure Hour.  
THE RECOVERED ARISTOTLE.

ANOTHER EGYPTIAN QUESTION — NOT  
THE MAHDI THIS TIME, ONLY A PAPY-  
RUS.

THE tide of time, says Lord Bacon, is wont to carry down trifles while it lets things of solid weight sink beneath the flood. A comedy survives, while a treatise on physiology is engulfed. All the more joy, therefore, is there among the learned when the ocean of time casts upon the shore some of its weightier treasures.

Aristotle's "Constitution of Athens" emerged from the deep last Christmas. Our own British Museum is the happy possessor of this treasure-trove — the greatest piece of literary flotsam and jetsam that this century has yet seen. There in Bloomsbury, it rests, after no one knows what adventures. One of a consignment of manuscripts from Egypt, its turn came at last. Unrolled tenderly, bit by bit deciphered, at last it dawned upon the delighted mind of its scholarly transcriber that this time a genuine antique was before him, and, as the work proceeded, no doubt was left that this was the celebrated treatise on the "Constitution of Athens," so much quoted by ancient writers. Its genuineness is beyond dispute. This is no sequel to the "Women of Salamis" by Xavier Balderdike. It was printed and published with a most learned commentary last Christmas, and is at present occupying with delight the brethren of the scholastic guild throughout Europe. Dryasdustius, Heavysternius, Hairsplittarius are hard at it, emending, reconciling, and illustrating. Think of the delight of building a magnificent sentence out of such fragments as: "He . . . gr . . . bushel of . . . Thou mayest . . ."

The manuscript itself is at present on view in the British Museum, and no visitor should leave without seeing it. It has a weird look. As we gaze we feel inclined to address it in the words of the marriage guest in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner":

I fear thee, Ancient Manuscript!  
I fear thy skinny hand!  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown  
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

It is written on rolls of papyrus, and looks as if it might have formed part of the wrappages of a mummy. Could Aristotle have become a mummy in Egypt, and were his own manuscripts made his casket? If so, the learned world may have enough to do before the play is played out, for the Athenian Constitution was but one

of one hundred and fifty-eight, and that leaves one hundred and fifty-seven to follow. But we forget; it is generally understood that Aristotle never really did become a mummy till comparatively recent times, when he got into the schools at Oxford. He had been drying during the Middle Ages, but then only did he become thoroughly high and dry.

#### THE GREATEST LITERARY FIND OF THE CENTURY.

THE manuscript before us dates from the first century A.D. The date is fixed by the fact that it is written on the back of an old ledger, in which Didymus, the Greek bailiff of a farm in the Delta, entered his accounts. On the one side you have an entry as to the payment for manure, on the other as to the payment of the jurors in the Athenian assemblies; on the one side it is a runaway slave, on the other the return of the Alcmaeonidæ — a quaint mixture. Papyrus was valuable, and when the master of Didymus, himself a Greek, wanted a copy of a well-known work for his library, he used the clean side of the old roll, unsoiled with all ignoble use. Did not Burns himself, when he wanted a commonplace book, purchase an old ledger, because it was strongly bound, the paper good, and the whole cheap? This old ledger was not a book, it was a roll. The reader unrolled it till he had a page before him, and when that was read he rolled it up with the one hand, unrolling another page with the other hand; and so on, he rolled his way through the manuscript. But a glance at the papyrus itself will tell more than pages of description.

Let the curious visitor gaze and gaze till he feels his heart burn within him and he begins to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies. Absorbed in our contemplation, the present fades upon us; we are losing our hold upon the nineteenth century, and are floating back on the wings of thought across the backward and abysm of time. The whirr and noise of countless machinery, the steam-engine, the telegraph and the telephone, the torpedo and the 100-ton gun are lost to us. By and by America itself, all Australasia, and the greater part of Africa and Asia disappear in darkness. Soon printing goes. We see the studious monk in his cell, copying and illuminating manuscripts. A duller light suffuses the landscape. We are in the dark ages. The light slowly gathers again and increases. We see the Roman driving his roads straight up hill and down dale, administering and legislating; the

tramp of his legions is everywhere heard. Again the shadow steals over Italy and western Europe. Glimmering lights appear around the shores of the Mediterranean, like glow-worm lamps, while in the East there is a steady blaze. Alexander the Great has just been enthroned in Babylon, and Greek culture follows in the wake of the phalanx. Hovering we descend slowly, —

Where, on the *Ægean* shore, a city stands,  
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil —  
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
And eloquence, native to famous wits, or  
hospitable.

We cast a delighted eye around, linger past temple and portico; but there is something better to be done than to admire choice statuary, or listen to the thick-warbled notes of the Attic bird — the infinite has to be solved, the panacea for human ills must be procured; we hurry across the *Ilissus*, we are in the *Lyceum*, and in the presence of Aristotle: —

him, who bred

Great Alexander to subdue the world.

#### ARISTOTLE'S PERSONAL RELATION TO GREEK POLITICS.

ARISTOTLE was a Greek, but not an Athenian. He was a native of *Stageira*, on the coast of *Thrace*; hence his sobriquet of the *Stageirite*. His family cultivated the art of healing as an hereditary profession. His father was physician to the Macedonian court, hence the connection which led to Aristotle's being appointed tutor to Alexander. The relations between tutor and scholar seem to have been friendly throughout. Aristotle made a special recension of the text of *Homer*, which the imitator of *Achilles* slept with under his pillow; and Alexander gave directions that every means should be placed at the disposal of the sage in pursuing his enquiries into the nature of plants and animals. The conqueror of Persia may perhaps have sneered at Aristotle's political theories, as a German emperor may have done at those of *Hegel* and *Fichte*, but he regarded him as harmless.

Aristotle never seems to have taken any part in practical politics. He was banished from Athens, nominally on account of impiety, really on account of his close connection with the Macedonian party. Of course, this was after Alexander's death. It is strange to find a man who could define God as an infinite, eternal, and unchangeable being, separate from sensible things, void of corporeal quantity,

without parts, and indivisible, yet moving all things, a man whose whole theory of life was to enter by contemplation into the thoughts of the divine mind — to find such a one accused of impiety by those who had but lately offered divine honors to his pupil is indeed strange. Yet how little has religion had to do with most religious persecutions! Aristotle quitted Athens, lest, as he said, "through him the Athenians might again sin against philosophy, as they had done in the case of *Socrates*."

The life of Aristotle is contemporaneous with a brilliant, or a sad, epoch in Greek history, according as we choose to regard it. It is interwoven with the brilliant conquest of the East, with the diffusion of Greek language and manners over subject races; while it witnessed the quenching of that which was distinctively Greek — the free life of the citizen. With Alexander the essentially human ceased for ages to be a factor in politics. We are handed over to conqueror after conqueror, to centralized administration after centralized administration, to the reign of brute force wedded to superstition.

About the time of Aristotle's birth the Gauls were pouring down into Italy for the sack of Rome; the year before his death the Roman legions had passed under the yoke on the *Caudine Forks*. Little was there to indicate that in the school of adversity was being trained a mightier engine of war than the Macedonian phalanx, and those civic virtues were being formed which would give new masters to the world and a new organization to political life. The constitution of Rome was not one of those included in Aristotle's list.

There is often a touch of irony in the philosopher's position. He is engaged in summing up the achievements of his time, in generalizing and systematizing knowledge, in analyzing, ordering, and arranging; but while he is doing so the world has not stopped; changes are taking place, new facts are already modifying conclusions; while he is dipping his bucket into the water, the stream has already flowed past him. The philosopher is thus often slightly behind his age; while he pauses to think up into unity the results of the past, the present slips through his fingers. Aristotle, busy with his municipal institutions and political ideal, sees not the shadow creeping up behind, is quite unconscious of his own part in polishing the instrument of destruction; the educator of Alexander does not seem to have had the least idea that the Macedo-

nian conquests had given the death-blow to the constitutional development of the Greek city, and that his collection of civic institutions might take its place in the museum of historical curiosities. Aristotle and his speculations are much; but they, too, were somewhat, who, with tongue and sword, defended the liberties of Greece — Demosthenes, whose voice still resounds through the ages, and the unknown men who bled on "that disastrous day fatal to freedom." Was Chæroneia all in vain? Was Senlac?

#### ARISTOTLE ESSENTIALLY AN INDUCTIVE PHILOSOPHER.

THE "Constitution of Athens" is probably the most important of those preliminary studies which were made by or for Aristotle as materials for his "Politics." He collected, as far as he could, accounts of the different political institutions in the cities and States around him, thus basing his speculations on the firm groundwork of observed facts. Such was ever his method, relatively to his epoch and the means at his disposal. The Greek philosopher laid as much stress on observation and experiment as Lord Bacon himself did. It was ignorance of the real Aristotle which led to his methods being misapprehended. In the Middle Ages, when knowledge was at a low ebb, the recovery of his writings seemed like the dawn of a new revelation, and Aristotle became one of the authorities of the Church. His conclusions in astronomy and physics — shrewd enough guesses considering his opportunities — became dogmas to dissent from which was heresy. His methods of patient investigation into the realities of things were forgotten, his half-understood words became laws of thought. Galileo felt what it was to contradict the "prince of philosophers." As late as 1629 an act of the French Parliament was passed forbidding attacks upon Aristotle. Chaucer testifies to his influence when he says of the Oxford scholar: —

For him was lever han at his bed's hed  
Twentie bookes clad with black or red  
Of Aristotle, and of his philosophy  
Than robes riche, or fiddle, or gay sautrie.

Dante sees Aristotle sitting on the confines of hell, at the head of the philosophic family — master of those that know. We find him in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel;" the mighty book of the wizard Michael Scott was neither more nor less than a translation of Aristotle. For centuries Aristotle dominated the intellectual

world of Europe. Albertus Magnus, and the "Angel of the Schools," Thomas Aquinas, spent their lives in expounding him and in pouring Christian doctrine into the forms of philosophic thought which had been elaborated by the pagan thinker. The Church of Rome still feeds her acolytes on Christian truths poured from Aristotelian vessels. It was a hint given by Aristotle, in the statement that the world was small and that there was only one sea between the Pillars of Hercules and India, that set Columbus thinking about the discovery of America.

But not in the West alone was the Greek sage a mighty name. His greatest triumphs, perhaps, were gained in the East. For five hundred years he ruled the schools in Bagdad and Cairo, and it was by way of Cordova, through the Moors that he re-entered Europe, to dissipate the intellectual darkness of the Middle Ages. In the East he is still known as a mighty wizard. Professor Eastwick, when endeavoring to explain to an eastern cook what an Irish stew was, was told by the Oriental that he knew very well about "Aristo." It would not be difficult to show that no one has more profoundly influenced the world of thought than Aristotle; but we must return to the Constitution of Athens.

This is not the place for, nor would our powers be equal to the task of, thoroughly examining the political philosophy of Aristotle. A few reflections that rise to the surface, some glimpses at the obvious are all that we can present to our readers, content if by any means we may awake in them some sympathy with the past, without weakening their resolution to realize their ideal in the present.

The recovered "Constitution of Athens," while giving much food for the specialist in the shape of details, which supplement, or have to be reconciled with, other authorities, adds but little to our general conception of the course of Athenian development. It gives us, however, one good story, which comes like a cup of refreshing in the wilderness. Pisistratus, the tyrant of Athens, who, for a tyrant, seems to have been a very good fellow, kept his government going by a tax of a tenth. Walking one day among the rugged hills of the western part of Attica, he found a countryman toiling away among stones and gravel. "What crop," he inquired, "do you expect to raise there?" "Aches and rheumatism," was the reply; "and may Pisistratus take his tithe of them!" This surely smacks of Dean



Ramsay. At all events, there are Scotch crofters on whom the plaid of that Attic farmer has descended.

#### THE MODERN STANDPOINT.

THERE are two things which we miss in this sketch of the Athenian Constitution; two points of view which are not taken, probably because they are modern. There is no attempt to describe social conditions, and no necessary connection is shown between the different stages of political development. We have lists of changes in the political arrangements, just as we have lists of magistrates. The Constitution at any particular time is evidently judged on its merits, in the light of certain ideas as to the proper end of government; that its existence just in that way and at that time was the outcome of certain necessary conditions is not realized. There is no political perspective in Aristotle, any more than in Plutarch; Draco and Solon are neither more nor less historical than Pericles.

It is, no doubt, the difference of standpoint. We in modern times are looking back over three thousand years of recorded history. Aristotle had not much more than three hundred behind him. We are familiar with the decline and fall of nations. Aristotle may have seen the destruction by violence of small communities, but Nineveh he knew not; Egypt and Babylon were still living realities. He could not see, as we do, that the brightest period of Greek life was over.

That period was the age of Pericles. Just before the outbreak of that disastrous war, which for nearly thirty years raged like a conflagration over Greece, and ruined Athens materially and Sparta morally, was one of those halcyon seasons so rare in the history of the human race, when there is a perfect equilibrium of opposing forces, when moral and physical well-being go hand-in-hand, and a nation is clothed with happiness as with a garment. Listen to the description which Pericles gives in the celebrated funeral oration in the second book of Thucydides:—

We do not copy our neighbors; we are an example to them. We are called a democracy because the many, not the few, govern. But, if all are equal in the sight of the law and entitled to the same protection, this does not preclude special merit from being specially recognized. There is an eagerness amongst us to honor those who by their abilities benefit the State. Poverty or obscurity is no bar to the advancement of talent. In our public life there is no exclusiveness, in our private

life there is no narrow-mindedness; our neighbor may do what he likes, so long as it is harmless, without being frowned upon. Our private intercourse is free and hearty, but liberty does not degenerate into license. While we respect authority and the laws in a reverent spirit, our conduct to each other is especially regulated by those unwritten laws, whose seat is in the heart and whose sanction is the general sentiment of humanity. If our public life is busy, our private life affords us many relaxations. Our home life is simple and elegant; we love the beautiful, but without ostentation, and we pursue intellectual pleasures without loss of manliness. Our wealth we employ for real use and enjoyment, not for display and vainglory.

And so on. The whole passage is remarkable as representing the highest level of present English life. We ask ourselves as we read—What has the world been about during the vast gap of time which intervenes? We seem to have been wandering about through strange and desert places full of tombs and dead men's bones.

The death of an individual is sad enough, but sadder still is the gradual wasting away of a noble civilization. No enquiry can be more useful than that which seeks to disentangle the causes of the decline of States, the pathological branch of history. None is more fascinating.

#### CAUSES OF ATHENIAN DECAY.

ARISTOTLE finds the cause of the decay of Athens in the corruption of the democracy. When Pericles was gone, who, by the force of his character and abilities, had imposed upon the republic something of the character of a constitutional monarchy, Athens was left, like a ship deprived of its steersman, to weather the storm of the Peloponnesian War.

The plague which carried off Pericles seems to have been fatal to his party. His whole circle—the men to whom he trusted to carry out his ideas—seem to have been swept away. The calamity was unforeseen, and is a striking example of the danger of depending too much on great men, of involving political questions with the personal character of statesmen. Pericles had been the mind and conscience of Athens. He was elevated above the mass as an ideal figure, as the personification of what was noblest and best in the Athenian democracy. He was at once a guide and a reprover. A very different kind of politician succeeded him. In Cleon we have a statesman of a lower type. Cleon was not consciously dishonest; he seems rather to have posed as the good, straight-

forward, bluff friend of the people. No subtleties or far-reaching schemes for him. He takes no broad general view of policy as a whole, but goes from step to step, dealing with particulars. His ideal he finds in the wants of a party, which often in themselves seem reasonable enough as directed to some immediate good. Two often the immediate good is purchased by a reversion of calamity. The inherent dishonesty of a politician of this stamp is, that instead of directing he follows; his ideal is to find out what the majority want, not to educate the people to desire the best things. He is like a man crossing a stream on stepping-stones or climbing a crag, who looks no farther ahead than from stone to stone or step to step, and thus finds himself at last, by a perfectly cautious and careful procedure, in a position where there is no going forward or turning back without extreme peril.

Cleon was succeeded by worse men, and in this gradual deterioration of the tone of public life Aristotle finds one of the great causes of the downfall of Athens. It is, no doubt, a serious matter when the men who by their culture and wealth are raised above sordid motives, withdraw from public life; but this in a free State is often much more apparent than real. Where there is work to be done good men and true will step forward and do it. In the case of our own country, where representative bodies seem sometimes to degenerate in quality, it will usually be found that the work has settled into routine, burning questions are quiescent, and the old leaders are turning their energies into other quarters, where fighting has to be done.

The fact is mob-orators and paid committee men did not destroy Athens. Nor was there in Athens anything like a permanent loss of moral tone. We can see this better than Aristotle could. We see the whole circle of which he only saw an arc, and we look at Greek life free from Greek prejudices. The magnificent patience with which the people of Athens, the ochlocracy as Aristotle calls them, bore up under their calamities, contrasts splendidly with the self-seeking and cruelty of the more aristocratic party. The advantage is on the side of the mass. It is the men of culture and wealth who are the cravens.

Athens lost in the game of war owing to two causes chiefly, both material and both obvious — the one an unavoidable calamity, the other a deliberate blunder. The first was the great plague, which would have settled the struggle at once in

the case of any other city with weaker resources and less recuperative energy, and which did, in effect, cripple Athens seriously, and in removing Pericles prepared the way for the fatal blunder of the Sicilian expedition. This was the one danger which Pericles foresaw. He was well aware of the defects of the Athenian qualities, and he dreaded that his countrymen would give themselves away to their enemies through their light-hearted rushing into distant and speculative expeditions.

Had the Athenians been successful instead of the Spartans, it does not seem likely that the result as regards the development of the Greek race as a whole would have been much different. The Greek city had reached that stage of development when it must either stand still, which in politics is the first step backwards, or allow itself to be modified by new principles. Looking back, we can see that the real problem was, how could the Greek race obtain political unity, so as to present a united front and organized resources against the surrounding barbarism? The little Greek cities were like so many candles which could be blown out one by one, as the Persian did by the Greek cities of Asia Minor. If Pericles could have persuaded Greece to accept his notion of common action, or federation, it would have been more than to succeed against Sparta. But such ideas were probably regarded as outside the pale of practical politics. The narrow exclusiveness of Greek citizenship rendered political growth impossible. The stranger who came to Athens to reside remained outside the State. He could not be naturalized, nor could his descendants. The Greek city remained a select club.

This is Aristotle's ideal. Individual excellence in the citizen is his aim. Such excellence can only be obtained in the best State, and it is to be the aim of the practical politician to organize the State in such a way as to produce the best qualities in the citizen. Hence the State must be small, so that all the citizens may know each other. Slaves are necessary in order that the citizens may have leisure and may not be soiled with ignoble toil. His ideal city must not be on the seashore, lest a coarse seafaring population might spoil the amenity, or foreign habits creep too easily in. Nor yet must it be too far from the sea, but should have a port at a few miles distant, so that it may have the advantages arising from the importation of foreign commodities — a picture very evidently drawn from Athens and the Piræus.

And so forth. Everything is to be regulated. Aristotle constructs his State as Praxiteles sculptured his Venus — by taking what he considered the best features of the best constitutions. The characteristics which we recognize are mainly those of Athens and Sparta. The stability of Spartan institutions and the flexibility of Athenian character were to be united in the ideal State. Once this ideal State attained, change ceases; there is to be no growth. The constitution becomes a hard-and-fast mould, into which the citizen is poured and to which he must conform himself.

There were two ideas not yet evolved in Aristotle's time which might perhaps have solved the difficulties felt by thinkers of combining size with delicacy of organization, and imperial power with the freedom of individual States. These were representative government and federation. The latter just rises above the soil in the case of the Achæan league, only to be crushed by the Roman; the former does not appear at all, unless we see the germ of it in Julius Cæsar's attempt to get representatives to the Senate from the provinces. The assembly which regulated the affairs of a Greek city was composed of all the citizens. It is evident that such an assembly must soon become unwieldy, hence the necessity for limiting the number of citizens. It became also impossible for those who lived at a distance to attend the meetings, hence the development of city life. If the State extended it could only be by conquest, and in the case of a small Greek State those conquests could not be very extensive, otherwise the burden of them became too much for the resources of the State — the branches proved too heavy for the trunk of the tree. Rome is only a seeming exception to this, for the Romans, from the first, were liberal of their franchise, and, as soon as Rome's conquests extended beyond Italy, the knell of Rome's freedom began to sound. The empire was the logical outcome of the impossibility of making free institutions, without representation and without federation, cope with the government of a great territory and diverse nationalities. In the case of England and her possessions and colonies, we see how an immense extent of widely scattered territory and great populations can be held together and worked into one coherent whole consistently with free institutions. In the case of the Athenian Empire, we saw that the trunk was too weak for the branches; so would it be with England — the burden

of world-wide empire would be too heavy for these little islands were not our branches, like those of the banyan-tree, self-rooting, each, while glorying in the general circulation, striking down firm roots of independent growth.

#### THE ANCIENT IDEAL CONTRASTED WITH THE MODERN.

THE idea of such an accumulation of human beings living together as we have in London would have inspired Aristotle with horror had he been able to conceive the thing as possible. But we must remember that the great discoveries of modern times, the railroad, the steamship, and the telegraph, and all those improvements which have facilitated intercourse, have rendered possible aggregations undreamt of in ancient times. Such inventions as printing and the daily press have made it easy for great bodies of men to become intelligent partakers in government, by vivifying the inert mass with mind and volition. The keen interest taken in modern politics is not inferior to that of the Athenian market-place. Our institutions are not a cast-iron framework which must burst if the body within expands; they are like the protecting bark, which, as the oak within adds ring to ring, grows with its growth and expands with its expansion. All our classes can grasp up into unity the State as an ideal; they are a part of all that is done, just as much as the Greek who was one of a thousand only, while they can count themselves by millions.

There can be no doubt that this ideal citizen for whose production Aristotle would stop the wheels of time is a noble and beautiful creature. At first sight he seems to stand to the modern elector much as the Apollo Belvedere does to the British artisan. But look closer, and we find that he is, indeed, of marble — there throbs no human heart within that bosom, with suffering there is no sympathy, the poor and the afflicted look to him in vain. It is a beautiful but a selfish ideal. Its conception of goodness is merely that of self-gratification in its most perfect form. The modern ideal is, after all, as fine, and it is essentially human; love and sympathy encircle it with loving arms; and this ideal of life is no dream. In how many happy English homes is it realized at this moment, and far more completely than in ancient Athens! For ancient life was maimed on one side and incomplete. The Athenian wife was not her husband's equal and friend. Her presence did not adorn and refine society. Athenian women

never emerged out of an almost Oriental state of subjection.

But all comparisons between the present and the past are unfair. Let us not forget that where we have excelled the ancients, the credit is not so much ours as that of the times in which we live, which have profited by their example and experience. Greece in especial deserves our gratitude as the emancipator of art and thinking from the crude forms of Eastern symbolism.

Go to the British Museum, and, after you have looked at the recovered Aristotile, walk through the Assyrian, Egyptian, and Greek galleries. Only among the Greeks do you begin to feel yourself at home. In spite of political decay and destruction there will ever be a Greece.

whose foundations are  
Built beneath the tide of war,  
Based on the crystalline sea  
Of thought and its eternity.

ADAM RANKINE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### SQUIRE DOOT OF DOOT HALL, DOOT HILL, IRELAND.

MORE than sixty years ago there lived at Doot Hall one Mr. Doot, a fine old Irish gentleman with a large estate. The Hall stood in a grand park adorned with wood and water, on an undulating surface. The land was good and fertile; there was much pasture; horses, cattle, and sheep were there; poultry cackled in the yard; fish were in the river—all that man required for his ordinary consumption was on the spot. Mr. Doot was in debt, as many other large proprietors were at that time; he lived well, and entertained his neighbors liberally. The writer of this paper had the honor of dining at his table at the time alluded to; Mr. Doot, two fine young men, his sons, one daughter, the governess, and an officer of the army on still-hunting duty, made the party seven. When the ladies left the room the bell was rung; a respectable-looking old man brought in a tray with whiskey, sugar, lemon, hot water, and a silver bowl. As the man was leaving, Mr. Doot said, "If any gentlemen wish to join the ladies, they can go now, as I am going to lock the door till this bottle is finished, just for the express purpose of putting another nail in my coffin." The writer left the room with the butler, and heard the key turn in the lock; he wondered whether he should

see his brother again, or whether he would see two brothers when the whiskey was finished. After this we met the young men frequently; we shot swallows and rabbits together, becoming intimate with the two young Doots, especially with Charles, the younger son, a fine-grown fellow of eighteen. He told me that his mother had died at his birth, that Mrs. Flanagan had reared him along with her daughter Biddy, who should be his wife, if he was ever in a condition to marry. "That dad of mine," he said, "will never lave me anything if he can help it; he will not even ask for any occupation for me; so I have written to the commander-in-chief at the Horse Guards to tell him where he can find a likely boy. It'll be a long time before I come home again; perhaps dad'll be drowned in whiskey, and John'll be married to Betty Sullivan; but what'll become of Biddy? She says she'll wait; but I don't think that's right. She's a good girl is Biddy, my foster-sister—we have been together all our lives. Dad says it's not to be. If I can get settled handy, I'll see about that; but if my duty's far away, I must just take my chance. Don't you think your brother could lend me a hand?"

Charles Doot stopped as he slapped his thigh, and then exclaimed, "Begorrah! if I could be sent 'still-hunting,' I'd settle this poteen nicely!" There he stopped to meditate, and I left him.

Far away up amongst the hills there was a small lake, celebrated for the quantity and quality of its red trout. Dan O'Brien, the best driver and most knowing fisherman of Doot Hill, undertook to drive me, boat me, and tie the flies for me; so one pleasant, cloudy morning away we went up a rough hill-track, over which Dan used many levelling words without saving the wheels, the whip, or the horse. In due time he pulled up at a lonely hut, with a sign-post before it on which there were illegible letters. An old woman and a half-naked boy sat on a broken bench beside the door; just inside it two fat pigs were snoring; there was an odor of barley in the thin blue smoke that curled lightly down on us; a peat-stack was begun; a few poultry scratched among the *débris*; a manure-heap was handy, and from it were spreading the tendrils of a gourd. While I was taking in all this, Dan had jumped down; he took off his hat with the air of a courtier, and said, "The top of the morning to ye, Mrs. Flaherty. How be you and the good man and the boy and the cow?" all in a breath.

Mrs. Flaherty returned the salutation with a polished curtsy, saying, "Much obleeged to you, Mr. O'Brien; we be all pretty well except the cow, as had a calf this morn'g; there's some barley brewing for her. Mr. Flaherty and the boy are cutting turfs."

I had got down on the other side of the car by this time. Mrs. Flaherty called the boy: "James, run and call Murphy; sure the boat'll be wanted."

"Hold!" cried Dan; "I will do the boat."

"And," said I, "there will be a shilling for Murphy if he don't come."

"Sure yur honor'll take a cup of milk — I'd say whiskey if there was any."

Dan winked his one eye expressively. As we walked off to the boat-house he said, "Whiskey? why, there's that under the pigsty that would quench all the brains at Doot Hill; only, while the officers are about with your brother the captain and the redcoats, there's never a drop on the whole hillside. Don't you let on about it."

Passing through a likely patch of potatoes, we found the boat with her chain-painter looped over a post; the sculls were in a shed; so in a few minutes the rod was put together, a small red palmer, a hare's-ear, and a blue gnat were put on, and the sport began. One at a time the small trout were in my landing-net, which Dan handled tidily. All were caught by the blue gnat, so the other flies were unhitched and blue gnats put on. There was a sweet little ripple on the water; we were on the very best part of the "wide expanse," as Dan called it. Presently two fish were on at once; twice three were caught together — beautiful little small-headed fish, with thick shoulders, well fed, dressed in their glittering scales of deep brown, bright red spots, and white below. By twelve o'clock the bag was crowded, and Dan thought we had better go on shore for luncheon and a rest.

Steering for a dell, where the trees grew down to the water's edge, we landed on a black rock, and found a fair retreat with light and shade, looking over a bit of the lake, but shut in on the land side with as thick and varied a foliage as one would wish to see. A tiny streamlet gurgled down the dell, winding its way through great boulders, partly covered with moss or ferns — here trickling smoothly over its bed of yellow sand, there rippling over a gravel slope, and then rushing over a larger stone to make a miniature waterfall into the bubbling pool below. Dan put down the basket on a turfy bank, made a

fire of a bundle of dry sticks, cut four arbutus skewers, and in due time four delicious trout were smoking on our plates. The whiskey-flask was opened; the water at our feet was cool and sweet. As I contaminated the sweet air and astonished the gnats and midges with the fumes of tobacco, Dan began to talk of the Doot family: —

"May the God Almighty bless him in this world and the next! Did you say generous? Why, the squire'd give away his head and his big beard on it, if he could. Selfish, sur? — he don't know its maning. Many's the time he gave the half-crown for his own dinner to them as had nothing — ay, and jist for the mothers to get a drap of milk for their starving children. Drunken did you say, sur? Well, the squire never touches a drap all day, and if he do swallow a glass to go to bed wi', why, he does it quiet-like in his own family; and I should like to see any one say no to him in his own house. It noways hurts 'm when he goes out in the morning to spake to the gentlemen, — all the whiskey's turned to the milk of kindness by that time. It's only a week ago come yesterday when Ted Blarney, as owed two years' rint barring a pig or two, was sitting in his porch, when the squire popped in on him, with reddish eyes and a shaking hand, calling out, 'The top of the morning to you, Mr. Blarney! can you make it convanient to pay me the £10 you owe me?' Ted, he scratched his head for a moment and said, 'Faith, sur, it would have been mighty convanient yesterday evening — for jist exactly that sum, barring the value of the two pigs, was in my pocket, and I on the road to pay yur honor. Jist as I turned down over the moor, who should I meet but my cousin, Michael Blarney, with a black scarf on his old hat; and says he, 'Ted, your ould uncle's dead!' That was him, yur honor, who held West Farm, and paid ye honestly at Lady-day and Michaelmas. An honest man was Mike; have I not tried to be like him? Didn't I put by £5 from the cow this time last year, and then forgot it, in the lining of my coat, jist till I was hiding some pig money in the same place yesterday morning, and found it, making £10, with the two pigs I lent yur honor? As true as I stand here it was all in my pocket, and I was on my way to pay it you. Faith, I was sore amazed to hear of my uncle's death, the more so as young Mike went on to tell me how he had to pay £3 for funeral expenses and £6 for the wake, wi' only eight shillings in the



house. May I put it to yur honor, Mr. Doot, if you wouldn't have lent the money to honest Mike if you'd a had it? So didn't I jist save yur honor the trouble of putting that £8, 16s. into your purse and out again? There's the whole truth about it. Mike'll pay me in six months — or, if yur honor likes, I'll get him to hand it on to you, sur.' Well," said Dan, "Blarney told me this hisself, and how the tears came into the moist eyes of Mr. Doot as he shook hands wi' him and said, 'Good-morning, Mr. Blarney; you'll pay me when you can.' Do you call that confiding, sur, or not? and ain't it a blessing to see sich feeling between a landlord and a tenant? Here's one more sample of Squire Doot, and then I'll ha' done. Susan Jeames, the tall widow who works the nether mill, owed the rint for some four years, when Mr. Doot come and asked for it. Wi'out saying a word of good-morning, Susan cries out at the top of her voice — and that's a stunner — 'Mary, Jane, Betty, Sally, Robert, Harry; and out come the six dressed or undressed, jist as they was — the eldest about ten, the youngest in arms. 'There's the rint, Squire Doot; will ye plaze to take 'm at £2 each? Ye'll gie me the rascap on stamped paper; and I can come up to the hall twice a day to nurse the baby, — that's the only thing you can't do, sur. Jist supposing you had six infants, and this old water-mill, called so because there's none, it's little you'd have to pay for rint when they'd filled their bellies, and it ain't Squire Doot'd wish 'm to go empty. It'd be no use then my teaching 'm to pray night and morning for good luck to Mr. Doot and all his noble family.' Well, the good squire was sorely touched when he looked down on the empty mill-dam, on the mossy wheel, the dirty children, and the thin, tall woman; so he gives a sixpence to each of 'm, took off his hat as Susan wished him good-morning, and then marched on, promising to send a carpenter to repair the leaking hatch."

"Go on, Dan," said I. So Dan did.

"There's fifteen tenants of Squire Doot, and only one of 'm, Patrick O'Heegan, he that farms the saumon-fishing, is never behindhand. There's a time and a season for all things; but it's said as Heegan don't mind it, and sells more saumon out of it than in it. Then it's an old joke as to catching a keg o' whiskey one dark night in his nets in the close-time, and giving a drop to the river guardian till he couldn't see the fish; that was up at the Hall door in the morning, jist as Mr. Doot came out

after breakfast, full of smiles and benig-nity to welcome Patrick with his rint, and the keg that had surely come down in the rain from the heavens above, and that in it as was only for sich blessed gintlemen as the squire. He has been heard to say that this whiskey was sent direct from his ancestor, St. Patrick. All the other tenants lose their pigs, cows, horses, and donkeys too, only the last ain't believable, because they don't die a day or two before settling day; Mr. Doot settles aizey. Some has rotten potatoes, some short flax, hay is washed away, oats had no rain; there's never a misfortune to come that didn't come to some of 'm. So Squire Doot stays poor in money, but rich in blessings, for the country-side's ready enough wi' that commodity. There's on ould story of one Pritchard, a sheriff's officer, getting over the park palings, and having the impidence to ring the bell at the Hall door to sarve a writ on the squire. Old John, the butler, opened it; he'd a-seen Pritchard before, so when he pokes the paper in his face, John said, 'Wait a bit, Mr. Pritchard, till I get ye a drop of heaven's whiskey.' In half a minute there's half-a-dozen grooms and gardeners ready inside and out, all pretty full of dinner. Pritchard was light enough, so they took 'm up, gave him the whiskey in the house-drain, and left 'm to dry in the grass outside the park gate. Squire Doot has driven his four horses in his grounds ever since that day without meeting a bailiff, and on Sundays he takes 'm a turn or two about the town and outside country, for all them chaps are off earthly duty on that day. Some of 'm wishes they were entirely."

Time was slipping on; we picked up our fragments, and into the boat again; the net, full of beautiful brown backs and spotted sides, hung over the stern; a nice breeze stirred the surface. The blue gnat was of no use now; the hare's-ear and a grey spider were put on, and as we fished slowly towards the hut, many nice fish were added to the bag. Mrs. Flaherty's ragged boy was at the landing-place to look to the boat; she was at the door, and told Dan to let the squire know how the brown cow had got in the bog and starved for three days before she was found, and there she'll never do any more. "All right!" cried Dan, and away we went. That lake was often brought to mind in foreign lands.

About fifteen years ago we wandered back to the same regions. There was no still-hunting; no blue smoke curled up from mountain glens to the bluer sky; no

footsteps marked the stealthy way through the purple heather; no smile of welcome met the stranger; no verbal response met the habitual good-morning, but a side glance of suspicion glared beneath the untouched hat. We stopped at the door of a cottage that had been Dan O'Brien's, knocked, and went in as we heard the permission to do so; a man sat in the corner mending a net. "Dan O'Brien, sur? Why, he's been dead and waked these twenty years or more. Mrs. Flanagan? Well, sur, there's her grandchild in that cradle; my wife, ill in bed wi' the rheumatism, was Jenny her daughter, till I made her Mrs. Murphy—Jenny was younger sister to Biddy Flanagan; you'll mind about her, maybe, sur. Well, sur, sit ye down. Poor Biddy, she'd sit for hours on the hillside watching if he'd come; she did not mind the sunshine or the storm, she only longed to catch a sight of her foster-brother once again. Well, Mr. Charles did come, wounded, as a worn-out man at thirty years of age; and she the same—the brightness of both had gone, as my mother used to say; but Biddy's heart was as it had been. Married, sur? Bad luck to it! the wound broke out afresh. There was months of nursing, and small space for the likes of the captain; but Biddy did it with a smile, she loved him better than herself. Afore he could move about she were taken wi' the smallpox. There was no one to nurse her, as she ought to have been; the doctor only came once a week, and while he was coming Biddy died. What became of the captain? Well, sur, we never heard much more of him, after he returned to his dooty. He'd no place to roost in here. He paid Mrs. Flanagan, ill in bed, for all her trouble; put up a tablet to Biddy, as you can see o' Sunday in the church; took one look at Doot Hall, now Yarnsdale Hall, as had been sold under the Encumbered Estate Act, and went away. There's been a young chap here lately, as says he's son of Charles Doot, and swears he'll get back his grandfather's estate or swing for it. Jenny told me he was fair-haired, blue-eyed, tall, like Charles Doot; he ran all over the place, and never has been seen again.

"How are we all getting on, sur? Purty well, if they'd only lave us alone, without change of law and silly interference with men's concerns, a-making landlords' rights one year, and tenants' rights another, just because them lawyers didn't know anything about either of 'm, else because they desired to make us more bitter against our

neighbor than we were, and then to put us all in the vice with laws as was only fitted for criminals, not for the harmless boys of ould Ireland. We were all good when old Doot were at the Hall—never a Fenian amongst them, and only Daniel O'Connell, of blessed memory, a-working out his heart's blood to make matters straiter for the poor. Rint, sur? Well, there were no thought of that, in compare wi' the good that was to come. We were happy to live on, in hope o' better days; that hope's in the fog out at sea like, invisible."

Dick Murphy had got into the swing of talk, so we asked him about the new landlords.

"You may well put 'm down in the plural, sur; there was two of 'm in the first years. First came Abraham Biruck, and he paid thirty thousand golden pounds for the whole, ould rints and all included, according to landlords' books. Mr. Abram, as he was called, was a small, black-eyed man with a hawk's-bill nose; some of 'm called him Agle. Well, sur, he came to put up at the ould house with two or three of the same color, all in dark clothes and skins. There was a good deal of money spent in making the place tidy to look at. One of 'm goes round wi' a book and stamped papers. The first he called on was Nick Burk the miller; and he asks for a drap of the real cratur. He'd just hit off the real boy for that; so there was a drop apiece brought out of a cool place beside the mill-pool. Nick drinks the health of the new landlord, wi' a blessing to the last. Simon, that's his name, gives the health of all tenants, and the miller in particular. Then he pulls out his book of arrears, and says, 'Mr. Burk, 'll I give you a stamped receipt?' Business is business, and I shall be obliged for all you can pay; here's £10 against your name for two years. You'll be an honest man, Mr. Burk, and I can give you a receipt in full.' Says Nicky, 'Sure you may, sir.' Says Simon, 'Here's the paper; I can sign when you pay.' Says Nicky, 'That's another thing entirely yur honor. Didn't Mr. Doot get the money? Didn't I, honest Nicky, pay him every farthing—some in money, some in grist—wi' my own hands, and put it all down in my book? Here it is, Mr. Steward; plaze to look it up; and I can take the receipt, as you promises me. Business is business.' Mr. Simon he looks over the rent-book, and says, 'But it ain't down in the landlord's book.' 'And it's no fault of mine that it ain't,' says Nick; 'and if anybody says my book ain't true, it's a libel and a defa-

mation, and he'll have to prove it, let alone that stick in the corner; Mr. Doot let us pay when and how we liked.' 'I think,' says Mr. Simon, 'that Mr. Biruck won't do that.' 'Won't he, sur?' says Nickey. 'If you don't break in a dog or a horse when he's young, you'll maybe get a kick or a bite when he's old—hydrophoby or a broken leg may follow. I don't think ye'll find it aisy to break in all that book-full of names of a sudden like.' Mr. Simon says, 'It's not a breaking in that we want; we desire good terms with tenants, and fair dealing. I'll give you the receipt in full, Mr. Nickey, and quote your book on mine.'

"Well, sur, it were told as a secret next day that Simon and the Agle had a conference that evening, and it come through the keyhole that receipts in full should be passed pretty freely for all arrears; it'd go to make the value of the estate bigger, beside getting the good-will of the tenants; and 'twas Scripture dealing!

"Well, sur, they keyhole words passed all round like 'lectricity. Joe Clerk, the penman, was busy day and night wi' ould paper and new figures. When Mr. Simon comes round to get all he could, a drop o' the cratur smoothed the way; for Nickey was jist the best gossip on the Doot Hill estate. By the time o' midday the good-nature of Mr. Simon was beautiful to behold. There was Widow Sampson, as never paid if she could help it, had her old book, wi' a blistered cover, made up wi' a balance of twopence due to the squire. There she sat, wi' the wool before her, and she a-spinning as if her life depended on it. 'Good-morning to you, Mrs. Sampson,' 'Good-morning to you, sur,' says she. 'Twere long since she'd a-looked at the wool so hard. 'Can you pay me the ten years' rint, Mrs. Sampson?' 'And is it ten pennies you'd want? Faith, sur, it'll be as much as all this wool'll make when it's done, and that'll be by Tuesday, if I lives as long and works as hard as I always does.' Mr. Simon he raises his voice, and says: 'Ten years' rint is £10, Mrs. Sampson, by Mr. Doot's books.' 'Is it books ye mane, sir?' Then she pulls out the table-drawer, with some bad words to help her, swearing it hadn't been opened since she gave the last pair of stockings to Mr. Doot, bless his eyes! After much pulling about, out comes the old almanac that was buried there last night by Mr. Clerk. It was all scored down—the whole ten years of stockings for squire and servants—wi' pale ink to begin with, and black for the last year. Mr. Simon

took it while he opened his own. 'Very nicely written up, Mrs. Sampson, and all in your own handwriting; maybe you'll get a seat in the office if you write like this, for it's jist the same as your neighbor's book, only he didn't like to mention your name as the writer. There's nothing about stockings at 1s. 6d. a pair in the squire's books. But if ye'll pay me the twopence that's owing, I'll give you the receipt, and you can sign your name in the book. Mrs. Sampson was puzzled; all the sign she used was a very crooked knitting-needle. She looked up for the first time: 'Drat it! there's Sarah, she's run away with my pen and ink.' 'Never mind, Mrs. Sampson, pray use mine.' Mrs. Sampson she fell down in a fit. Mr. Simon he calls in a neighbor, and says, 'Look to Sapphira.' When Mr. Simon had been all round there came out a great red notice with bright-green letters six inches long, headed 'Golden Opportunity!' Then it described the royal residence of the Doot family for three hundred years; its great woods, its grouse mountains, salmon river, trout lakes, fertile soil, endless bogs, industrious tenants, its clean rent-roll, and the best pisantry in all Ireland. It was in the county papers. Nickey reads it to Mrs. Sampson as she sat wi' the pipe in her mouth. She hadn't forgiven Mr. Simon; she had heard the priest read of Sapphira, so she said, 'It's a wonder how all they printers'll get absolution. After many had come to look at the place, and Mr. Simon had taken 'm all round, down comes Mr. Yarndale and gets the whole for £70,000.

"Does Squire Yarndale live at Doot Hall? Faith, sur, he lives in the rest of it. Jist as Abram and Simon were packing up the last bundle, and as the new squire drove up to the door, a cry of fire was heard; there was a deal of litter about, a high wind, and no water; the season had been dry, the people were all busy getting Simon's things out; so the fire rushed through one end of the house and burnt it out entirely. Then there was a lawsuit. Mr. Yarndale said, 'You must build it up again.' Abram said, 'No; you had possession, your date had come.' Yarndale said: 'You had the keys; if you had gone as you should have done, there would have been no fire; so repair you must.' However, seeing that if Yarndale did the repairs he might do them as he liked, Abram took off £10,000, and made money by doing so. Yarndale said, 'I'll make the best of it;' but if he goes on as he is, it'll be long before he gets

out of the bad of it. If the fire had happened in Squire Doot's time, the country-side would have lent a hand to help him; they all loved him and were good friends wi' one another. Now there's three or four parties all hating one another, and don't care a straw, less maybe, for squire, landlord, or law. There's Fenians, League men, Moonlighters, and worse than them, about. If we don't do what they bid us, we suffer. If we do their will, we get into jail; but as that is farther off than our neighbors, and as they don't miss the mark, we mostly do as they tell us. There's a-many getting weary of all this teasing, only we don't know how to get out of it, so we goes on doing what we are told to do."

"Will you do as I tell you, Mr. Murphy?" I asked.

"Oh, begorrah! and it's I that's tired of doing as I am told to do. If Squire Doot were alive, and told me to swallow the peat-heap, or drink the flax water, why I'd try and do it. He'd never have told one of his neighbors to injure one another. The more whiskey he swallowed, the more milk o' kindness followed; and the better the poteen, the richer was his cream. That's all gone now; there's no poteen on the hillside, and no fellow-feeling in the valley. Do as you tells me, sur! I'd like to know what it is first. There's them who asked me to do wrong things, and they'd get absolution. As I didn't know if I'd be left for the chance of that delivery, I told 'em I'd think about it. So, sur, though you've brought up good memories, you'll excuse me if I feel unable to do as you tell me."

"Very good, Murphy; I honor your caution and your conscience. What I was going to tell you to do is very simple. Keep the law of the land, and obey those who keep it going. That's the same as Squire Doot said, only excepting his debts. If you do that carefully, and obey the commandments, you'll be comfortable. That's what we all want, but don't see it. Try it on, Mr. Murphy, and tell your neighbors what you are going to do. If they'll try it, they will like it, and content will roar on like the fire at Doot Hall and burn up the bad side of your house."

From Temple Bar.

WAYFARING BY THE UPPER DORDOGNE.

I HAD left the volcanic mountains of Auvergne and had passed through Mont-LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXV. 3876

Dore and La Bourboule, following the course of the Dordogne that flowed through the valley with the bounding spirits of a young mountaineer descending for the first time towards the great plains where the large towns and cities lay with all their fancied wonders and untasted charm. But these towns and cities were afar off. The young Dordogne had a long journey of over a hundred and fifty miles to make before reaching the plains of Périgord with their vineyards and corn-fields, where men are crowded together like ants in their hillocks under the pines. Nearly the whole of this distance, the stream would have to thread its way through deep-cut gorges and ravines, where the dense forest reaches down to the stony channel save where the walls of rock rising hundreds of feet on either side are too steep for vegetation. Above the forest and the rock there would be the desert moor, horrible to the peasant, but to the lover of nature beautiful in its unvarying summer dress of purple heather and golden broom.

I had not been long on the road this day when I saw coming towards me an equipage more picturesquely interesting than any I had ever met in the Champs-Élysées. It was a ramshackle little cart laden with sacks and a couple of children, and drawn by a pair of shaggy sheep-dogs. Cords served for harness. A man was running by the side, and it was as much as he could do to keep up with the animals. This use of dogs is considered cruel in England, but it often keeps them out of mischief and I have never seen one in harness that looked unhappy. A dog's taste must lie in this direction, or he would not when tied under a cart to which a larger quadruped is harnessed invariably try to persuade himself and others that he was pulling the load up the hill and that the horse or donkey was an impostor.

The width of the Mont-Dore valley decreased rapidly and I entered the gorges of the Dordogne, where basaltic rocks were thrown up in savage grandeur, vividly contrasting with which were bands and patches of meadow, brilliantly green. Yellow spikes of agrimony and the fine pink flowers of the musk-mallow mingled with the wiry broom and the waving bracken about the rocks.

It was September, but the summer heat had returned and when the road passed through a beech wood the shade was welcome. Here, over the mossy ground rambled the enchanter's night-shade still carrying its frail white flowers which really have a weird appearance in the twilight of

the woods. The plant has not been called Circe without a reason. Under the beeches there were also raspberry canes with some fruit still left upon them. After leaving the wood, the scene became more wild and craggy. The basalt, bare and sombre, or sparsely flecked with sedums, now reddening under the hand of autumn, rose sheer up from the middle of the narrow valley, adown which the stream sped like fleeing Arethusa, now turning to the right, now to the left, foaming over rocks or sparkling like the facets of countless gems between margins of living green.

Then I left the valley in order to pass through the village of St. Sauve on the right-hand hill. There was little there worth seeing besides a very ancient Romanesque portico leading to the church. The form was that of a triumphal arch of the plainest pattern, but the uncouth heads and figures carved in relief over each face showed no classic feeling although they were mingled with the acanthus. There was a niche over the round arch.

Many of the women of St. Sauve wore the black cap or bonnet of Mont-Dore, which hangs to the shoulders. It is a hideous coiffure, but an interesting relic of the past. The women of Mont-Dore would never have had the idea of making themselves so frightful, had not the example been set them by a great lady of the neighborhood centuries ago. Seeing the *châtelaine* with such a cap, they thought it must be beautiful; so the young and coquettish imitated the coiffure of the noble dame, and thus it came to be preserved to the present day. It is only to be seen, however, in a very small district.

I consulted some of the people of St. Sauve respecting my plan of following the Dordogne through its gorges. They did not laugh at me, but they looked at me in a way which meant that if better brains had not been given to them than to me their case would be indeed unfortunate. I was advised to see a cobbler who was considered an authority on the byways of the district. I found him sitting by the open window of his little shop driving hob-nails into a pair of Sunday boots. When I told him what I had made up my mind to do, he shook his head and laying down his work said:—

"You will never do it. There are rocks, and rocks, and rocks. Even the fishermen, who go where anybody can go, do not try to follow the Dordogne very far. There are ravines—and ravines. Bon Dieu! And the forest! You will be lost. You will be devoured."

To be devoured would be the climax of misfortune. I wished to know what animals would be likely to stop my wayfaring in this effectual manner.

"Were there wolves?"

"No, none had been seen for years."

"Were there boars?"

"Yes, plenty of them."

"But boars," I said, "are not likely to interfere with me."

"That is true," replied the local wise-acre, "so long as you keep walking, but if you fall down a rock—ah!"

"I would not care to have you for a companion with all your local knowledge," I thought as I thanked the cobbler and turned down a very stony path towards the Dordogne. It is always prudent to follow the advice of those who are better informed than yourself; but it is much more amusing—for a while—to go your own way. I had lunched and was prepared to battle with the desert for several hours. It was now past midday, and notwithstanding the altitude, the heat was very great. But, for the discomfort that we endure from the sun's rays, we are more than amply compensated by the pleasure that the recollection brings us in winter when the north wind is moaning through the sunless woods and the dreary fog hangs over the cities. When I again reached the Dordogne there was no longer any road, but only a rough path through high bracken, heather, and broom. Snakes rustled as I passed and hid themselves among the stones. The cobbler had forgotten to include these with the dangers to be encountered. To my mind they were much more to be dreaded than the boars, for these dry, stony solitudes swarm with serpents. Common adders are extremely plentiful, but there is also the red viper or *aspic*, which is especially venomous. Many have died from its bite in a few hours.

The path entered the forest which covers the steep sides of the ever-winding gorge of the Dordogne for many leagues, only broken where the rocks are so nearly vertical that no soil has ever formed upon them, except in the little crevices and upon the ledges where the hellebore, the sedum, the broom, and other unambitious plants which love sterility flourish where the foot of man has never trod. Here is a part of Europe that has been left from the beginning of all things to fashion itself as the forces of nature might direct.

The rocks were now of gneiss and mica-schist, and the mica was so abundant as



to cause many a crag and heap of shale to glitter in the sun as though there had been a mighty shattering of mirrors here into little particles which had fallen upon everything. There was, however, no lack of contrast. To the shining rocks and fierce sunshine which seemed to concentrate its fire wherever it fell in the open spaces of the deep gorge, succeeded the ancient forest and its cool shade; but the darkly lying shadows were ever broken with patches of sunlit turf. Pines and firs reached almost to the water's edge, and the great age of some of them was a proof of the little value placed upon timber in a spot so inaccessible. One fir had an enormous bole fantastically branched like that of an English elm, and on its mossy bark was a spot such as the hand might cover, fired by a wandering beam, awaking a train of recollections of the dream-haunted woods before the trees grew solemn.

The afternoon was not far spent when I began to feel a growing confidence in the value of the cobbler's information, and a decreasing belief in my own powers. From becoming more and more difficult it became quite impossible to keep along the bank of the stream. What is understood by a bank disappeared, and in its stead were rocks, bare and glittering, on which the lizards basked, or ran in safety, because they were at home, but which I could only pass by a flanking movement. To struggle up a steep hill, over slipping shale, or through an undergrowth of holly and brambles, then to scramble down and to climb again, repeating the exercise every few hundred yards, is less delightful in practice than it may seem when contemplated. Having gone on in this fashion for some distance, I lay down streaming from every pore, and panting like a hunted hare beside a little rill that slid singing between margins of moss, amid Circe's white flowers, and purple flashes of cranesbill. Here I examined my scratches, and the state of things generally. The result of my reflections was to admit that the cobbler was right, that these ravines of the upper Dordogne were practically impassable, and that the only rational way of following the river would be to keep sometimes on the hills and sometimes in the gorge, as the unforeseen might determine. Hitherto, I had not troubled to inquire where I should pass the night, and this consideration alone would have compelled me to depart from my fantastic scheme. After La Bourboule there is not a village or hamlet in the valley of the Dordogne for a distance of at least thirty

miles, allowing for the winding of the stream.

After a hard climb I reached the plateau, where I saw before me a wide moor completely covered with bracken and broom. Here I looked at the map, and decided to make towards a village called Mermèix, lying to the east in a fork formed by the Dordogne and its tributary the Chavannon. Going by the compass at first, I presently struck a road leading across the moor in the right direction. I passed through two wretched hamlets, in neither of which was there an auberge where I could relieve my thirst. At the second one a cottage was pointed out to me, where I was told a woman sold wine. When, after sinking deep in mud, I found her amidst a group of hovels, and the preliminary salutation was given, the following conversation occurred:—

"They tell me you sell wine."

"They tell you wrong. I don't."

"Do you sell milk then?"

"No; I have no beasts."

As I was going away she kindly explained that she only kept enough wine for herself. I had evidently not impressed her favorably. Although I think water a dangerous drink in France, except where it can be received directly from the hand of nature, far from human dwellings, I was obliged to beg some in this place, and run the risk of carrying away unfriendly microbes.

Having left the hovels behind me, the country became less barren, or more cultivated. There were fields of rye, buckwheat, and potatoes, but always near them lay the undulating moor, gilded over with the flowers of a dwarf broom. It was evening when I descended into a wide valley from which came the chime of cattle-bells, mingled with the voices of children who were driving the animals slowly homeward, and the barking of dogs. There were green meadows below me, over which was a yellow gleam from the fading afterglow of sunset, and in the air was that odor which, rising from grassy valleys at the close of day, even in regions burnt by the southern summer, makes the wandering Englishman fancy that some wayfaring wind has come laden with the breath of his native land. Suddenly, turning a corner, I so startled a little peasant girl sitting on a bank in the early twilight with a flock of goats about her, that she opened her mouth, and stared at me as though Croquemitaine had really shown himself at last. The goats stopped eating, and fixed upon me their eyes like glass mar-

bles; they too thought that I could be no good.

I hoped that the village of Messeix was in this valley; but no, I had to cross it and climb the opposite hill. On the other side I found the place that I had fixed upon for my night quarters.

Very small and very poor, it lies in a region where the land generally is so barren that but a small part of it has been ever broken by the plough, where the summers are hot and dry, and the winters long and cruel. Although in the watershed of the Garonne, it fringes Auvergne, and its altitude makes it partake very much of the Auvergnat climate, which, with the exception of the favored Limagne valley, is harsh, to an extent that has caused many a visitor to flee from Mont-Dore in the month of August. In the deep gorges of the Dordogne and its tributaries, the snow rarely lies more than a few days upon the ground, whereas upon the wind-swept plateau above, the scanty population have to contend with the rigors of that French Siberia which may be said to commence here on the west, and to extend eastwardly over the whole mass of metamorphic and igneous rocks, which is termed the great central plateau of France, although it lies far south of the true centre of the country.

At the first auberge where I applied for a night's lodging, an elderly woman with a mournful face declined to take me in, and gave no reason. When I had left, she came after me and said, with her eyes full of tears:—

"I have great trouble in the house, that is why I sent you away."

I understood what she meant; somebody dear to her was dying. A man who was listening said his brother-in-law, the baker, was also an innkeeper, and he offered to take me to the house. I gladly consented, for I was fearful of being obliged to tramp on to some other place. Presently I was in a large, low room, which was both kitchen and baker's shop. On shelves were great wheel-shaped loaves (they are called *miches* in the provinces), some about two feet in diameter, made chiefly of rye with a little wheaten flour. Filled sacks were ranged along the wall. In a deep recess were the kneading-trough, and the oven, now cold. The broad rural hearth, with its wood fire and sooty chimney, the great pot for the family soup hanging to a chain, took up a large share of the remaining space. I sat upon a rickety chair beside a long table that had seen much service, but was capable of

seeing a great deal more, for it had been made so as to outlast generations of men. Bare-footed children ran about upon the black floor, and a thin, gaunt young woman, who wore very short petticoats, which revealed legs not unlike those of the table, busied herself with the fire and the pot. She was the sister of the children, and had been left in charge of the house while her father and mother were on a journey. She accepted me as a lodger, but for a while she was painfully taciturn. This, however, her scanty knowledge of French, and the fact that a stranger even of the class of small commercial travellers was a rare bird in the village, fully accounted for. The place was not cheerful, but as I listened to the crickets about the hearth, and watched the flames leap up and lick the black pot, my spirits rose. Presently the church bell sounded, *dong, dong, dong*.

"Why are they tolling the bell?" I asked.

"Because," replied the gaunt young woman, "a man has died in the village."

By pressing her to speak, she explained that while a corpse lay unburied the bell was tolled three times in the day—early in the morning, at midday, and at nightfall. The conversation was in darkness, save such light as the fire gave. It was not until the soup was ready that the lamp was lighted. Then the young woman addressing me abruptly said:—

"Cut up your bread for your soup."

I did as I was told, for I always try to accommodate myself to local customs and never resent the rough manners of well-intentioned people. The bread was not quite black, but it was very dark from the amount of rye that was in it. The soup was water flavored with a suggestion of fat bacon, whatever vegetables happened to be in the way, and salt. This fluid poured over bread—when the latter is not boiled with it—is the chief sustenance of the French peasant. It was all that the family now had for their evening meal, and in five minutes every one had finished. They drank no wine; it was too expensive for them, the nearest vineyard being far away. A bottle, however, was placed before me, but the quality was such that I soon left it. To get some meat for me the village had to be scoured, and the result was a veal cutlet.

I was not encouraged to sit up late. As the eldest daughter of the inn showed me my night quarters she said:—

"Your room is not beautiful, but the bed is clean."

This was quite true. The room, in accordance with a very frequent arrangement in these rural auberges, was not used exclusively for sleeping purposes, but also for the entertainment of guests, especially on fair and market days when space is precious. There was a table with a bench for the use of drinkers. There were, moreover, three beds, but I was careful to ascertain that none would be occupied except by myself. I would sooner have slept on a bundle of hay in the loft than have had some unknown person snoring in the same room with me. One has always some prejudice to overcome. The bed was not soft and the hempen sheets were as coarse as canvas, but these trifles did not trouble me. I listened to the song of the crickets on the hearth down-stairs until drowsiness beckoned sleep and consciousness of the present lost its way in sylvan labyrinths by the Dordogne.

At six o'clock the next morning I was walking about the village and I entered the little church, already filled with people. It was Sunday and this early mass was to be a funeral one. The man for whom the bell was tolled last night was soon brought in, the coffin swathed in a common sheet. It was borne up the nave towards the catafalque, the rough carpentry of which showed how poor the parish was. Following closely was an old and bent woman with her head wrapped in a black shawl. She had hardly gone a few steps when her grief burst out into the most dismal wailing I had ever heard, and throughout the service her melancholy cries made other women cover their faces, and tears start from the eyes of hard-featured, weather-beaten men. How these griefs and sympathies of all humanity diminish distances and remove the accidental lines of race.

Most of the women present wore the very ugly head-gear which is the most common of all in Auvergne and the Corrèze, namely, a white cap covered by a straw bonnet of a pattern not unknown in England by those whose memories can go back a good number of years. At Mermeix, religion cannot be dying, for there were many communicants at this six o'clock mass, and what struck me as being the reverse of what one might suppose the right order of things, was that the women advanced in life wore white veils as they knelt at the altar rails, while those worn by the young whose troubles were still to come, were black. These veils were carried in the hand during the earlier part of the rite. The church belonged to different ages. Upon the

exterior of the Romanesque apse were uncouth carvings in relief of strange animal figures. They were more like lions than any other beasts, but their outlines were such as children might have drawn.

I returned to the inn. The baker had come back and was preparing to heat his oven with dry broom. I learned that he had not only to bake the bread that he sold, but also the coarser rye loaves which were brought in by those who had their own flour but no oven. Three francs was the charge for my dinner, bed, and breakfast. The score settled and civilities exchanged I walked out of Mermeix, expecting to strike the valley of the Dordogne not very far to the south. The landscape was again that of the moorland. On each side of the long, dusty line called a road, spread the brown turf spangled with the pea-flowers of the broom or stained purple with heather. There were no trees, but two wooden crosses standing against the grey sky looked as high as lofty pines. I met little bands of peasants hurrying to church, and I reached the village of Savennes just before the *grand-messe*. Many people were sitting or standing outside the church—even sitting on the cemetery wall. When the bell stopped and they entered, literally like a flock of sheep into a fold, all could not find room inside, so the late-comers sat upon the ground in the doorway or as near as they could get to it. As the people inside knelt or stood, so did they who had been left, not out in the cold, but in the heat, for the sun had broken through the mist and the weather was sultry. As I walked round the church I found women sitting with open books and rosaries in their hands near the apse, amidst the yarrow and muleins of forgotten grave mounds. They were following the service by the open window.

No, religion is not dead yet in France, but it generally goes as it ever did and ever will, hand in hand with poverty. Here the people might have revolted against their destiny and preferred beggary to labor so hard and so ill-requited as theirs, had they not clung to their fathers' faith in ulterior compensation. I lingered about the cemetery reading the quaint inscriptions and noting the poor emblems upon wooden crosses not yet decayed, picking here and there a wild flower, and watching the butterflies and bees until the old priest who was singing the mass in a voice broken by time, called upon his people to "lift up their hearts." And they answered: "*Habemus ad Dominum.*"

I had a simple lunch at a small inn in this village, where I was watched with much curiosity by an old man in a blouse with a stiff shirt collar rising to his ears, and a night-cap with tassel upon his head. The widow who kept the inn had a son who offered to walk with me as far as some chapel in the gorge of the Chavannon. We were not long in reaching the gorge, the view of which from the edge of the plateau was superbly savage. Descending a very rugged path through the forest that covered the sides of the deep fissure, save where the stark rock refused to be clothed, we came to a small chapel, centuries old, under a natural wall of gneiss, but deep in the shade of overhanging boughs. It was dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and on St. John's day, mass was said in it and the spot was the scene of a pilgrimage. Outside, was a half-decayed, moss-green wooden platform on which the priest stood while he preached to the assembled pilgrims. A spot for meditation this, but I had no time to meditate. The young man left me and I went on alone into the more sombre depths of the gorge, where I reached the single line of railway that runs here through some of the wildest scenery in France. I kept on the edge of it where walking, although very rough, was easier than on the steep side of the fissure, for such it was. The earth's crust had split open here in the process of drying or cooling in the vague past. Upon the narrow, stony strip of comparatively level ground the sun's rays fell with concentrated ardor and along it was a brilliant bloom of late summer flowers — of camomile, St. John's wort, purple loose-strife, hemp-agrimony, and lamium. At almost every step there was a rustle of a lizard or a snake. The melancholy cry of the hawk was the only sound of bird-life. Near rocks of dazzling mica-schist was a miserable hut with a patch of buckwheat reaching to the stream. A man standing amidst the white flowers of the late-sown crop said, in answer to my questioning, that I could not possibly reach the village of Port-Dieu, without walking upon the line and through the tunnels.

When I had left him about fifty yards behind, his curiosity proved more than he could bear in silence; so he called out to me in the bad French that is spoken hereabouts by those who use it only as the language of strangers: "Quel métier que vous faites?"

I waved my hand in reply and left him to his conjectures.

On I went, now over the glittering

stones, now wading through the pink flowers of saponaria, then in a mimic forest of tall angelica by the water's edge, until I realized that the peasant's information was sound — that it was impossible to walk through this gorge except upon the railway.

Presently the rocks rose in front of me and the line disappeared into the darkness of a tunnel. I did not like the idea of entering this black hole, for I had brought no candle with me, but the prospect of climbing the rocks was still more forbidding. It proved to be a short and straight tunnel with daylight shining at the farther end. After this came another short tunnel, but the third was much longer and had a curve; consequently I was soon in total darkness. The only danger to be feared was a passing train, so I felt with my stick for the wires between the rock and the metals and crept along by them. From being broiled by the sun ten minutes before I was now shivering from the cold. I longed to see again the flowers basking under the warm sky, and to hear the grasshoppers' happy song. By and by I saw the light, the blessed light, flashing at the end of the black bore. When I came out again into the sunshine, I was following not the Chavannon but the Dordogne.

The gorge widened into a valley, where there were scattered cottages, cows, sheep, and goats. Here I found a fair road on the western side of the river in the department of the Corrèze, and being now free of mind I loitered on the way picking strawberries and watching the lizards. It was dark when, descending again to the level of the Dordogne, I sought a lodging in the little village of Port-Dieu. I stopped at a cottage-inn, where an old man soon set to work at the wood fire and cooked me a dinner of eggs and bacon and fried potatoes. He was a rough cook, but one very anxious to please. The room where I passed the night had a long table in it and benches. There was no blanket on the bed, only a sheet and a heavy patchwork quilt. Ah, yes, there was something else, carefully laid upon the quilt. This was a linen bag without an opening, which when spread out tapered towards the ends. Had I not known something about the old-fashioned night-cap, I should have puzzled a long time before discovering what I was expected to do with this object. The matter is simple to those who know that the cap is formed by turning one of the ends in. There were mosquitoes in the room, but they sang me to

sleep, and if they amused themselves at my expense afterwards, I was quite unconscious of it.

EDWARD HARRISON BARKER.

From The National Review.  
THE FIRST HANDEL FESTIVAL.

IN 1784, twenty-five years after the death of George Frederick Handel, a body of gentlemen organized a musical festival in Westminster Abbey, to commemorate the centenary of that celebrated composer who had passed forty-nine years of his active life in England, and had done so much to educate our national taste for oratorios.

In a book, privately printed, and now almost entirely out of print, my grandfather, who was present on that occasion, records his impressions\* which may be of some interest at the present time. In his opinion, "no performance had ever been heard in London which was at once so perfect and so surprising. The *coup d'œil* over that vast assemblage was remarkably fine. George the Third and his queen, with all the royal family and their court, occupied a gallery over the eastern nave. This gallery was decorated inside and out with crimson and gold draperies. On each side of the king's tribune sat the suite of their Majesties, and immediately below it the directors. On the right of the latter was a box for the bishops, on the left for the dean and chapter of Westminster. The enormous orchestra, with its magnificent organ, was placed over the western nave, and filled up the whole space, even to the top of the arches. Thousands of auditors in full dress were ranged on the floor of the sacred edifice, and in galleries constructed for the occasion over the side aisles. During the performance this vast assemblage listened in breathless silence to the sublime music of Handel."

In that year the orchestra, vocal and instrumental, consisted of five hundred and forty-seven persons. The instrumental portion contained two hundred and seventy-four performers, while the vocal was divided into sixty cantos, forty-six altos, eighty-three tenors, and eighty-four basses.† Mr. Joah Bates, who presided at

the organ, was the sole conductor. Though Bates was not a professor of music, he is said to have been deeply skilled in its science, and was a masterly player on the organ. His taste was exclusively for Handel, and it was he who first conceived and arranged these performances in Westminster Abbey, which he conducted to such perfection. Mr. Cramer, a celebrated violinist of that day, led the orchestra.

To facilitate the execution in both departments, the *long movement* was for the first time applied to the organ, which, placing Mr. Bates much below, and at a great distance from the instrument, while Cramer stood between it and the conductor, enabled both to see and act in perfect unison. This arrangement placed Mr. Bates in such a position that he could see, not only every instrumental performer ranged in front but also all the chorus occupying the side aisles. To give force and fulness to the orchestra, a larger set of instruments were invented for this occasion — double kettle-drums, bass trumpets, trombones, and even double double basses — all of which added much to the harmony, and were indeed necessary to make the bass sufficiently powerful to counterbalance so vast a band of violins. The choruses too were performed with equal excellence, under the direction of able musical professors. In the central point sat Madame Mara, who had recently come to England to sing at the Pantheon concerts. Mara's talents as a singer were of the very first order, and her voice was clear, sweet, and distinct.

In addition to Madame Mara, all the best Italian as well as English singers were engaged for this festival. The music was confined to that of Handel, the burst of one of whose choruses caused a general thrill among the audience, and was sublime beyond imagination. Yet from the vastness of that venerable pile never was the fullest piece of music in the least degree too loud even to those who were nearest to the orchestra; while from the perfection of its acoustic properties, Mara's single voice, or Cramer's single violin, were distinctly heard in every part. It has been remarked that even the tuning of this immense band, usually so discordant, accompanied as it was by the full chords of a noble organ, produced a fine and harmonic effect. Dr. Burney, a high authority, whose word even at this distance of time, and amidst all the changes which have taken place in music, must still have its due weight, in his account of the commemoration of Handel, says: —

\* Musical Reminiscences. By the Earl of Mount Edgumbe, 1834.

† This number seems to have been annually increased until 1791, when the orchestra amounted to over one thousand. In 1834 to five hundred and seventy-eight. In 1891 to four thousand.



Foreigners, particularly the French, must be much astonished at so numerous a band, moving in such exact measure without the assistance of a Coryphæus to beat time, either with a roll of paper, or a noisy *bâton* or truncheon. Rousseau says, that the more time is beaten the less it is kept; and it is certain that when the measure is broken, the fury of the musical general, or director, increasing with the disorder and confusion of his troops, he becomes more violent, and his strokes and gesticulations more ridiculous in proportion to their disorder.

Dr. Burney here introduces a curious anecdote of the famous French musician Lulli, who killed himself with his own *bâton*. In the violence of his gesticulation he struck his foot so hard a blow that he died in consequence of it. The doctor proceeds:—

As this commemoration is not only the first instance of a band of such magnitude being assembled together, but of any band at all numerous performing in a similar situation, without the assistance of a *manu-ductor* to regulate the measure, the performances in Westminster Abbey may be safely pronounced no less remarkable for the multiplicity of voices and instruments employed, than for accuracy and precision. When all the wheels of that huge machine, the orchestra, were in motion, the effect resembled clock-work in everything but want of feeling and expression. The totality of sound seemed to proceed from one voice and one instrument; and its powers produced not only new and exquisite sensations in judges and lovers of the art, but were felt by those who never received pleasure from music before. These effects, which will be long remembered by the present public, perhaps to the disadvantage of all other choral performances, run the risk of being doubted by all but those who heard them, and the present description of being pronounced fabulous, if it should survive the present generation.

Dr. Burney tells us that nothing proved the admirable discipline of the band, and the complete attention of the audience, so much as the *pauses* so frequent in Handel's music. They were so exactly calculated and measured, and with such precision and unity of effect, that when this enormous band resumed its work, after all the sudden, and usually unlimited, cessations of sound, the theme appeared unbroken. The effects produced by this service upon the audience were such as had never before been experienced. In his own words:—

The choral power of harmonical combinations affected some to tears and fainting; while others were softened and enrapt by the exquisite sweetness of single sounds. The

universal rapture visible in the countenances of this numerous audience during the whole time that Madame Mara was singing the very affecting air "I know that my Redeemer liveth," exceeded every silent expression of delight from music which I had ever before observed. Her power over the sensibility of the audience seemed equal to Mrs. Siddons. There was no one within my view whose eyes were not filled with tears. At the end of her performance of this air the audience seemed bursting with applause, for which the place allowed of no decorous means of uttering.

Lord Mount Edgcumbe, who was present upon this occasion, says that this description was not in the least exaggerated.\* The complete success of this festival led to its repetition in the three following years, when, owing to the king's illness, they were suspended. But they were resumed in 1790 and 1791, when they ceased for a period of forty-three years. In 1834 they were again resumed, and have continued, with occasional interruptions, triennially until the present time. This year's festival marks the centenary of the last of these concerts given under the immediate patronage of George the Third. We are told that the eagerness of the public to be present at the performances in 1834 was so great that the demand for places exceeded all expectation, and that at least two-thirds of the Abbey were filled with holders of tickets at two guineas instead of one. A few days before the performance much money might have been had for a seat. In some cases as much as ten guineas were offered. For the rehearsals, when the tickets were half-a-guinea, above double the price was in many instances paid for admission.

Lord Mount Edgcumbe, writing in 1834, says:—

Having been present at most of the celebrated performances in Westminster Abbey half a century ago, I was exceedingly curious and anxious to attend those which have lately taken place in imitation of them, and vied with them in magnitude and grandeur. I went to all the concerts, four in number, with a strong recollection of the original from which they were copied, and with the determination of comparing minutely and impartially the present with the past. The orchestra occupied, as before, the west end of the Abbey; but several changes were made in its arrangement, which certainly were not improvements. The instrumental performers, who were ranged round a large organ, were partially concealed by desks, gaudily ornamented with gold, which dazzled the eye unpleasantly, and cast the players on the sev-

\* Musical Reminiscences, p. 239.

eral instruments into so dark a shade that they were scarcely visible. The principal vocal performers occupied the front row; but the choral performers, male and female, were driven back behind the pillars, and separated from the central part of the orchestra by a barrier. This was an obvious and perceptible disadvantage, as it not only placed them so much out of sight, but also interrupted the vocal sound.

The greatest difference, however, in the orchestra arose from the new system introduced in the conducting and leading of the band. It has been mentioned before that at all the former concerts in the Abbey Mr. Bates both played the organ and was sole conductor; also, that Cramer was the only leader. Now a different plan was adopted. Sir George Smart conducted, not playing himself, but beating time with a *bâton*. This method has long been pursued abroad, but was not introduced into this country till very lately. Large orchestras in Italy and Germany are so conducted; and in France it is universal, and followed not only at their *grand opéra* (where they are so proud of their *premier coup d'archet*), but in the smallest theatres, with the smallest band; not the commonest ballad or vaudeville is ever sung without a *bâton*. On my first going there (above fifty years ago) I was exceedingly struck with this (to me) novel fashion, and thought the performers must be very bad musicians, who could not keep in time without that noisy accompaniment. One necessary consequence of this foreign adoption was the change above alluded to in the arrangement of the orchestra. Sir George Smart was placed at a desk, nearly where the keys of the organ were before. The organist was hid by a screen, and I long wondered how he or the conductor could see or communicate with each other; but I learned afterwards that by a new and ingenious contrivance the keys of the organ were turned round, so that the player sat with his back to the instrument and facing the conductor, who, as before, looked towards it. In a band so managed the conductor is *everything*, the leader *nobody*, the first violin being as much under the control of the *bâton* as the last. On this occasion, therefore, the leader, instead of being the most conspicuous person, was not visible. I sought in vain to find him, he being placed on one side, behind his desk, like all the inferior performers. Sir George Smart alone was conspicuous, and he was rendered more so by an opening left in the centre of the front seat, for no imaginable reason but to exhibit the conductor's back to all the auditors. In the central point formerly sat Madame Mara. The gap recalled her to the minds of those who remembered her there, and seemed to be left vacant because there was none worthy to fill her seat.

Towards the close of the last century Mara declined in voice and favor. When not engaged at the opera, she continued

singing at the ancient-music and other concerts. She seems even to have attempted to sing in the "Beggar's Opera," but made a very indifferent "Pretty Polly." At length she suddenly quitted the country in no very creditable manner. In the maturity of her charms, which had never been great, she eloped from her husband, an idle, drunken man, and bad player on the violoncello, and went off with the young flute player Florio. With him she fled to the uttermost parts of Europe, and lived for several years in Russia, till, when she was almost forgotten, she reappeared as suddenly, and in as singular a manner, as she had vanished. About 1820 an advertisement from Messrs. Knyvett announced for their concerts a most celebrated singer, whom they were not yet at liberty to name. This mysterious secret was soon after explained by another announcement, that Madame Mara's benefit concert would take place at King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, on an evening specified, no one being at all aware of her return to England, or even of her existence. Although she must have been at that time at least seventy, it was said that her voice had miraculously returned, and was again as fine as ever. But when she displayed these wonderfully revived powers, they proved, as might have been expected, lamentably deficient, and the tones she produced were irreverently compared with those of a penny trumpet. Curiosity, moreover, was so little excited, that the concert was badly attended; but this single exhibition was sufficient to induce Messrs. Knyvett to relinquish her services, and Madame Mara was heard no more. She returned to Russia, and was a great sufferer by the burning of Moscow. After that she lived at Mitlau, on the Baltic, where she died at a great age. Lord Mount Edgumbe says:—

There being no one fit to be what the Italians call *Prima Donna assoluta*, no Mara to whom all the chief songs would of course have been given, her part was distributed amongst many. It is a pity that the services of Malibran could not be secured, for, although she came to England the very week of the Festival, for which she offered her services, she seems to have demanded such exorbitant and unreasonable terms that it was found impossible to accede to them.

Malibran left the country, and went to Milan, where she was engaged on terms which in those days were almost incredible.

At this festival Madame Caradori was the first female performer. She sang with:

all her usual excellence, and was well heard, although it was feared that her voice would not be strong enough for so large a space. Caradori is a *nom de théâtre*; this amiable and talented young lady came of a good German family, named Munk, but she always retained her theatrical name. It may be observed as an odd coincidence that Pasta, Vestris, and Caradori all have acted the page in "Le Nozze di Figaro," and none more successfully than the latter, who, rather by accident than by choice, made her *début* in that part. This made her fortune, for her charming manner and excellent performance laid the foundation of her fame. A similar piece of luck befell the celebrated Madame Malibran, who, as a young singer, leapt into fame through the temporary illness of Caradori.

At the Handel Festival of 1834, the popular tenor, Braham, is said to have surpassed himself. He had long been at the head of his profession as an English singer.

Lord Mount Edgcumbe first heard him in 1803, when the musical world in London acknowledged that his voice was not only of the finest quality, but of great power and sweetness. He possessed great versatility, a wide knowledge of music, and wrote excellent songs. He could be, when he liked, two distinct singers, adapting himself to the requirements of his audience. Thus, to gain applause, Braham sometimes condescended to sing as ill at the play-house as he had done well at the opera. His compositions had the same variety, and he could equally write a popular noisy song for the one and its very opposite for the other. A duetto of his, introduced into the opera of "Gli Orazzi,"\* sung by himself and Grassini, possessed great beauty, and was in excellent taste. Through no fault of his own, Braham seems to have done much injury to English singing, by producing a host of imitators. For what is in itself not good, but may be endured from a fine performer, becomes insufferable in bad imitation.

At this time, Braham, then far advanced in life, still retained all his musical powers. His voice was considered to be as good as at his prime; it had become neither weak, nor husky, nor tremulous, and easily filled the vast space with the finest effect. —

Nothing could have been finer than his delivery of the beautiful Recitative in "Jeph-

tha," "Deeper and Deeper Still," as also that which opens the "Messiah," "Comfort ye my People."

The festival began on Tuesday, June 24th, with the Coronation Anthem, "Zadok the Priest," in compliment to the presence of their Majesties.

This very fine composition did not well introduce what was to follow, namely, Haydn's Oratorio of the "Creation," which was given entire. The latter appeared tame and weak in comparison, though many parts of it are very beautiful, and some few of the choruses extremely fine, almost emulating in sublimity those of Handel. The second part of the concert comprised the Second and Third Parts of the "Creation." The chorus concluding the Second Part of the Oratorio, "Achieved is the Glorious Work," and ending with "Hallelujah," is exceedingly good.\*

The custom of rising at the "Hallelujah Chorus," which has continued to the present day, was begun on March 23rd, 1743, at the first performance of the work in London, when the king set the example. *A propos* of the "Messiah," it is interesting to learn that when Handel went to Dublin in the autumn of 1741 he took with him the score of this oratorio, which he completed in the incredibly short space of twenty-three days — namely, between August 22nd and September 14th of that year. This great work was first heard in Dublin, where it was given for the benefit of various local charities — among others, for the relief of the prisoners in the Dublin jails. It is said that the hall in Fishamble Street was arranged to contain seven hundred persons instead of six hundred, the ladies having been induced to come without their hoops, and the gentlemen without their swords.† The impression produced by the "Messiah" was profound, and its triumphant success was never for one moment questioned.

After the "Hallelujah Chorus" nothing in the first concert is worthy of record. In fact, the opening day of this festival caused a good deal of disappointment, and from its general feebleness the concert was regarded as a failure.

The second day opened with Handel's Coronation Anthem, "The King shall Rejoice in Thy Strength," which, though inferior to the other, was given from the same proper motive.

After some Italian songs, taken from sacred operas performed in Italy during

\* Gli Orazzi e Curiazzi, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Cimarosa.

\* Musical Reminiscences.  
† Dictionary of National Biography, vol. xxiv., p. 206.

Lent, came Beethoven's "Judah," followed by Handel's beautiful song, "Angels ever Bright and Fair." Then came a little of Haydn, extracted from his Second Service or mass, consisting of the "Kyrie Eleyson," sung by Madame Stockhausen, Rubini, and Zuchelli, with a chorus. "Luther's Hymn," which followed after a slight interval, was admirably sung by Braham. The organ accompaniment, and the chorus, performed *sotto voce*, produced an effect most devotional and affecting. This hymn seems first to have been introduced to notice in this country by Catalani, who sang it at York, where it gave the greatest delight. She could not sing it better than Braham; but the nature of her voice might perhaps be better suited to it. Throughout the whole performance nothing gave greater pleasure than this natural, unpretending air. The remainder of this part was all Latin. First came a song of Haydn's from his Fifth Service, by Giulietta Grisi, then in her twenty-second year; then the whole "Credo" from Mozart's First Service, of which the middle movement was a quartette, wherein Madame Stockhausen had a share. This part ended with a solo by that lady, with a quartette and chorus, forming another garbled extract from the "Agnus Dei." Lord Mount Edgcumbe says:—

None of these pieces was effective, or gave much satisfaction. This mangling system is not more favorable to the music than to the sense. It is disadvantageous to any composition to have a passage taken out here, another there; and not only separated from those that lead to and connect them, but tacked together irrelevantly and unmeaningly, so as not to form a uniform *whole* as they did in their proper place and order, but a mere *patch-work*; nor can a greater be conceived than was this first part of the concert. The other two were a regular connected performance, for they consisted wholly of the oratorio of "Israel in Egypt," one of the finest and most scientific of Handel's compositions. It was performed entire at the former celebrations, by the express command of George III., exactly as it was written, and with the additional, or, as it was said, the original name of "Exodus." The whole oratorio was then taken from Scripture. Now, poetry was introduced, some in blank verse, some in rhyme, consisting of recitatives and solos, none belonging to the original, some, I believe, not even composed by Handel. These and many more interpolations had been made when the oratorio was performed, in three parts, at the "ancient music," but were judiciously left out in the Abbey, on His Majesty's discovering that they made no part of the score. As

not one of them was fine or well sung, it would have been much better again to omit them. The third day's performance commenced with a hymn composed by Haydn in honor of the Emperor, and answering to our "God Save the King," but not for a moment to be compared to it for beauty or grandeur. The whole of the rest of this part was taken from "Judas Maccabæus." The execution of the songs and recitatives was insipid to a degree. The violoncello accompaniment was, of course, well played by Mr. Lindley, but marred by a long-drawn-out cadence, not in accordance with the symphony. At last we were roused from all this insipidity by Braham in the song "Sound an Alarm," a spirited air, which he gave with his usual energy. Alas, the chorus, "See the Conquering Hero Comes," so familiar to every ear that everybody can at least make an attempt to *hum* it, was the worst performed of any throughout the festival. It was begun out of tune by the semi-chorus, and never got quite right. A martial march was then introduced, and the part ended with the chorus "Sing unto God."

The second part was miscellaneous, and almost as great a medley as that noticed before; but there were finer pieces in it. It began with a Motet by Mozart, in that sort of Latin verse in doggerel rhyme common in Roman Catholic services, but very offensive to English and classical ears. Tamburini led the opening of it, and there were other solos, ending in a chorus; but it was not striking. Next came an air, also of Mozart, sung by Grisi, beginning "Laudate Dominum," and ending with the "Gloria Patri." She sang this better than on the preceding day, and it was beautifully accompanied on the organ by Dr. Crotch. Then followed the beginning of a "Gloria in Excelsis," by Pergolesi, in which two boys were introduced, choristers of the Chapel Royal and Abbey. They had sweet voices; but it was very injudicious to employ them, as there was no *want*, certainly, of sopranos.

We now come to the best performance, not of this day only, but perhaps of the *whole*; the magnificent scene from "Jephtha," "Deeper and Deeper Still," with the air, "Waft her, Angels." I have already expressed my unqualified admiration of the manner in which Braham executed this difficult and impassioned recitative, requiring so much pathos and varied feeling: it is not too much to say, it was *perfect*, and this alone would establish his reputation as a first-rate singer. The very fine chorus of Handel, "From the Censer," from "Solomon," closed the concert of this day with grand effect.

The fourth and last concert was the most uniformly good, for it consisted solely of the "Messiah," the *chef d'œuvre* of Handel, and most sublime of his works, perhaps of all works of the kind. I cannot but think the arrangement might have been better, and some of the songs put into other hands with

great advantage to their performance. The error complained of before, the little use made of the best singers, was more conspicuous on this day than on any of the preceding; the five principal only sang once. Braham opened the oratorio most excellently; but these were his last notes, he was heard no more. Caradori sang well "Rejoice Greatly;" but though a brilliant song (and it was her only one), it did not show her talents to the best advantage. The recitative, "There were Shepherds," was allotted to Mrs. W. Knyvett; the air "Come unto Him," to Madame Stockhausen; and "I know that my Redeemer Liveth," to Miss Stephens, but she had nothing more. The last song named is much the finest in the oratorio; but, though well sung, the effect was by no means equal to that produced at the inaugural Festival, nor was it to be expected. Miss Stephens never had as much expression as her great predecessor, nor could excite as much feeling in her hearers; but there appeared little diminution of her powers in this performance. Of the other solo parts it is unnecessary to speak.

Thus ended this great Festival, which was so impatiently looked forward to, excited such great curiosity, and was attended by so many thousands. To the present generation it was an entire novelty, and the eagerness to go to it probably equalled that which was manifested half a century ago; but all who, like myself, are old enough to remember the former performances, decidedly give them the preference over these; for though the instrumental part now was nearly as good as it could be, the choral appeared less strong, and in the principal vocal department there certainly was no comparison.

The change of taste in music is so general, so total, that modern musicians do not now understand the ancient style, nor modern audiences appreciate it so highly. That of Handel in particular is so much gone out of fashion that it was feared the performances would not have been so well attended if, as on the former occasion, they had consisted of his alone. On this account it was that so much of other composers was introduced. I cannot think the choice from them was always happy; much was dull, much insipid, and except in a very few instances, there was not anything to be greatly admired, or make a strong impression. If even Haydn's *chef d'œuvre*, the "Creation," which is so beautiful in many of its parts, failed of making one, nothing else could. But all the other composers were overpowered by the gigantic strength of Handel, and they should have been kept apart.

Thus ends a contemporaneous record of performances which are perhaps only interesting from the fact that they formed the dawn of far greater achievements. The wonderful development of later years, in both orchestral and vocal effects, has

raised these commemorative festivals above the aspiration of those who first ventured to promote them; and has proved — what was doubted by musicians in 1834 — that the fame of George Frederick Handel continues to be held sacred in the land of his adoption — the land where his marvellous musical conceptions broke away from the thralldom of a degraded style, and, sinking deep into the heart of England, produced imperishable fruit.

RICHARD EDGUMBE.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
INVISIBLE PATHS.

AN EXTRACT FROM NATURE'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK, WITH NOTES BY AN UNSCIENTIFIC NATURALIST.

"καὶ στίβον γ' οὐδεὶς τύπος." "Nor of his footstep is there any trace." (Soph., Philoctetes, i. 29.)

THE habit common to many birds, fishes, and insects, of travelling by one and the same route, is well known to observant sportsmen. It seems, however, to have escaped the serious notice of most writers on natural history, and I am not aware of any theory attempting to explain the origin or cause of this habit. With beasts the reason why the same path should be pursued is often conceivable, even where it is not at first sight apparent.

Take the case of a hare — the beaten track, technically called the *run*, of a hare, is scarcely ever in a straight line. Notice the dark-green paths like narrow sheep-tracks on the side of a chalk down. You will see they wind in many a curve. You might think the object of these curves was to obtain an easier gradient; but examine more closely and you will see that the line has been badly chosen from an engineering point of view. The run often leads over steep and broken ground, where a slight deviation or even a nearer cut would have rendered it less precipitous. And yet watch pussy ascending or descending; unless she stops to feed on the road, she will keep strictly to the *run*, deviating neither right nor left — a "single hare's breadth," I had almost said. When the run lies through corn or long grass, the reason of its winding course is intelligible. There may have been thistles, tangled undergrowth, or some such impediment to be avoided, and although these may have been removed when the crop has been cut, the beaten track is still adhered to, as being softer to the feet. But, on the smooth side of a down, who can say why



a hare should (unless startled) always elect to travel by one path? So far the paths are visible; but now let us consider the flight of birds.

In fine, still weather, when neither the force of the wind nor a desire for shelter disturbs the even tenor of their way, many birds habitually travel by aerial paths as circuitous and almost as narrow in limits as is the run of a hare. A covey of partridges, when called together by the old birds and bidden to go to bed, will night after night fly over exactly the same part of a hedge, and then take exactly the same swerve to the right and left before "juggling down" to roost. Wood-pigeons, flying home after their evening drink of water, will, unless shot at or otherwise disturbed, always take the same curve in the air and pass over the same trees. And in their flight not only is the same lateral curve adhered to, but the variations in altitude at different points are regularly preserved. It is probable that these deviations from the straight course, both horizontal and vertical, are dictated by fear of surprise. A pigeon is an exceedingly cautious bird, and likes to know that no gunner is on the far side of a hedge before he flies over it. If the hedge be a low one, he can ascertain this at a safe distance while flying at no great elevation. If, however, the hedge be high, the pigeon cannot see what may be behind it until he is almost over the hedge, and therefore, to avoid surprise, he must fly at a greater altitude. In the same way he allows a wide margin laterally in turning the corner of a wood or hill. This circuitous flight is in strong contrast with that of a bird equally suspicious and cautious—the carrion-crow. The expression "as the crow flies" has become a proverbial equivalent to "in a straight line." It must, however, be remembered that the *habitat* of the crow is in wild and unfrequented places, and that, when on his marauding expeditions he passes over more populous parts, he travels at a height from which he can laugh at gunners. A rock-pigeon, flying from one mountain-top to another, usually flies nearly parallel to the ground, dipping to the valley and rising again with the slope of the mountain for whose summit he is bound. At first impression this would seem to be a waste of labor. Why should the bird (so to speak) go down hill only to go up again? A little consideration will, however, at once suggest the reason. The air at great altitudes is sensibly rarefied. The ratio of the specific gravity of the bird to that of the air is

therefore much increased at high elevations. At the same time the rarefied air yields less resistance to the stroke of the wings. It is probable, therefore, that the effort required for a short flight at a great altitude exceeds that required to cover a much longer distance at a lower level. So far we have been able to give a conjectural reason for the apparent vagaries in the flight of birds.

But why do rooks before going to bed always dance a wild quadrille in one and the same section of the sky? Why do woodcocks, when flushed at some favorite haunt, pursue the same tortuous path through the covert that has been winged by their predecessors from time immemorial? And why do wild ducks flying up a stream always follow the same course? This last question is the more perplexing as their path does not seem to be determined by fear of ambush. They will take a short cut over a withy plantation or rod eyot, as it is called, which might conceal a dozen guns, and then follow the windings of the stream amongst the trees and bushes, when they might take a shorter and safer course over open meadows. Again, why should ducks that have flown for miles in the pattern of a letter V, at a certain spot suddenly fall into single file, and having travelled some little distance in that order, no less suddenly resume their wedge-shaped formation, and this at a height that excludes the possibility either of insufficient room for their evolutions or of the risk of exposure to raking fire from the fowler's barrel?

And now, passing to fish, a change of formation very similar to that performed by the ducks is often to be observed in the movements of the former.

Watch a number of roach finning their way up a river. For some distance they travel leisurely in an irregular mob or shoal—suddenly, without apparent reason, in a broad and weedless part of the stream maybe, they will fall into single file and follow each other, hurrying along as if there were not room enough for more than one to pass at a time and they were anxious to gain more open water. I have observed this manœuvre many times at the same place, but under circumstances so varied with regard to current and depth of water, that I can make no conjecture as to its cause. Trout do not often congregate in shoals, but nevertheless it would seem they travel by a common path. I use the word "travel" in a restricted sense, as I am not speaking of the migratory species, but of the common brown

trout (*Salmo fario*); nor do I intend it to include roaming in search of food, in which case the course is determined by conditions not now under consideration, such as the direction of the wind, the set of the current, the depth of the water, the position of weeds and of overhanging trees, etc. My meaning will be made more clear if I relate the circumstances under which I first became aware that trout travel by the same path.

Some years ago I was anxious to get some trout from the Darenth, that I might compare them with those from the Wandle. I had no friends on the Darenth, but a gentleman, since dead, on learning my wish, courteously gave me a letter to his keeper, requesting the latter to procure such specimens as I might desire to have. The keeper, on reading the letter, said that there was no fly up, and that he feared he should be unable to get the fish until a quarter or twenty minutes past six that evening. Fixing a precise time for the capture of the trout awakened my curiosity, which was still further excited by the evident reluctance on the keeper's part to allow me to accompany him. A little "palm oil," however, eased the friction, and we parted — I lighter in spirits, the keeper heavier in pocket, and both agreed to meet again at six o'clock sharp.

On leisurely approaching the keeper's cottage at a quarter to six, I was surprised to see a red pocket-handkerchief fluttering in the breeze. It was fastened to the top ring of a long bamboo fishing-rod that leant against the porch of the door. I quickened my steps, thinking the fish must have advanced their dinner-hour, and that the flag had been hoisted as a signal for the immediate attack. By the rod stood a large landing-net with a long handle. In the porch sat the keeper, smoking a long clay pipe. On my arrival he partly rose, and motioning me to take a seat beside him on the bench, remarked that the mill had not yet stopped working. Apparently satisfied that this explanation was all that could be reasonably expected, he continued to smoke in silence. At last the murmur of the distant mill ceased. The ashes of the pipe were deliberately tapped out; the rod and landing-net were shouldered, and the march began. Following the downward course of the river, we came to a small tributary. We proceeded some little way up the bank of this stream till we came to a sharp curve. Here the keeper gave me the rod and my instructions. I was to go inland, keeping out of sight of any fish in the water, till I

again met the stream fifty yards higher up. There I was to extend the rod horizontally over the water, and following the course of the stream, to walk slowly down towards him. Having given me these directions, he knelt down and extended the net as far as he could reach, dipping it under the surface of the water close to a bed of weeds on the farther side of the stream, the mouth of the net facing up stream. I followed my instructions, wondering what was to be the result.

The net could not have measured more than eighteen inches in diameter. The width of the stream at the point where the keeper knelt was at least nine feet. Allowing two or even three feet for the weeds, there still remained a passage of four and a half feet unobstructed by either weeds or net.

Was it probable that so sharp-sighted, active a fish as a trout would swim into the net when there was plenty of room to pass beside it? True, the water was shallower on the keeper's side of the stream, but there was depth enough everywhere — there was even depth enough for a fish to swim under the net if hard pressed.

However, I extended my flag over the water and walked down stream. The mill having ceased working on the main river below the tributary, the water above the mill was tanked up and rising. A rising water often tempts trout to enter small ditches and tributary streams in the hope of finding insects surprised and carried away by the rising flood. This was the case then, and many a trout, slowly finning its way up the stream in search of food, turned tail and darted down towards the main river on the approach of the red flag. When I came to the keeper, he had landed two brace of fine fish; he said that they always followed the same road and shot straight into the net, the largest fish leading the way. Hence he had taken no undersized fish, although a number of small ones had passed after he had netted the large ones. He had missed landing two fish only; these had shot into the net together with such force that his grasp on the handle had for the moment relaxed and they had escaped. I have since tried the same plan with success when fishing a Hertfordshire stream. I did so merely as an experiment in the presence of the owner's water-bailiff, who seemed much astonished at the result. I, of course, returned the fish to the water, and mention the incident only in confirmation of my proposition that trout travel by a common path,

for I have some doubt whether the water-bailiff would approve of my publishing this tip to poachers. So much for fish.

These notes have already far exceeded the limits I had proposed. I shall therefore refer to one or two instances only in which insects would seem to follow the same law.

During twelve months spent in the Australian colonies, in the years 1870-71, I had more opportunities than were pleasant of studying the habits of ants. These insects, as is well known, are not only a nuisance but an absolute pest in hot countries. They march in myriads and destroy everything in their road. I have heard it seriously stated that they consume everything except bottled beer — and that even this is safe only when the bottles are fitted with glass screw-stoppers. Cork, it seems, is not excluded from the formic bill of fare, and would no doubt be more succulent and appetizing when soused in Bass or Allsopp. In justice to the ants, I am bound, however, to admit that I have found them useful in more ways than one. For instance, I bought an opossum-skin rug from a native. I soon became painfully aware of the fact that it literally swarmed with fleas and other vermin. In vain did I exhaust my stock of pepper. Even turpentine seemed to have no effect beyond increasing the restless activity of these irritating settlers. At last in despair I threw my rug down on an ant-hill. In less than half an hour every flea and objectionable parasite was eaten, but the rug was full of ants. I therefore hung it on a mimosa bush, and as soon as the ants found they were suspended they hastened to leave the rug, and descended by the bush as best they could.

Again, I had killed a snake in Tasmania, and wished to clean and bleach the skeleton, which I intended to have mounted as a necklace. I left the body near an ants' nest. In a few hours there was not a vestige of flesh on the bones. The sun soon did the rest.

But I am digressing; to return to our paths. Ants I found usually left their nests by one and the same road. In some cases this road was distinctly marked — the herbage having been bitten or trodden down. In other cases its course could not be distinguished from the surrounding ground, but yet this course was, as far as my observation went, invariably followed.

When the ants issued forth in large numbers on some hunting or hostile expedition, they would advance in a com-

pact body for a certain distance, and then break into two separate divisions. These divisions would diverge for a few feet and then march on parallel lines for some distance, when they would again converge and resume the march in a compact body. I had the opportunity of watching this manoeuvre performed by the same tribe of ants on several occasions, and as nearly as I could tell the change of formation took place each time at exactly the same spot.

We shall not have to go so far from home to find the second and last insect to whose tactics I shall call attention.

This is none other than the mason-bee (*Osmia bicornis*), whose aerial path, it will be seen, differs entirely from the well-known direct course pursued by the common honey-bee (*Apis mellifica*), whence we get the expression a "bee-line."

I fear the value of my observations will be depreciated if I confess (as the fact is) that I at first took this bee for a solitary wasp. Its flight, however, I marked carefully. On leaving the nest it was engaged in constructing, it flew in a straight line to a clay bank some twenty yards off. On returning with its load of cement it proceeded by a circuitous route, which I can best describe by saying it suggested a figure of 8 placed at right angles to a corkscrew, the point of the latter terminating in a hole between the stones of an old wall which formed the entrance to the nest.

I watched this insect come and go many times, and I could distinguish no variation in its course. Probably this circuitous flight was intended to deceive the ichneumon-fly or some other insect pirate, or perhaps the bee was aware of my presence and suspicious of my intentions. If so, I must confess the insect had good reason for its suspicions. I had, as I have already said in the first instance, mistaken it for a wasp, and my intention had been to catch it and impale it on a hook as a bait for chubb.

And now I must conclude these notes with the hope that some naturalist will furnish a clue to the labyrinth of "invisible paths" into which I have wandered.

BASIL FIELD.

From Hand and Heart.

#### WHY I AM AN ABSTAINER.

I BECAME an abstainer from alcohol for the most commonplace and selfish reason

in the world, the instinct of self-preservation. From a lecture delivered in one of my experimental and practical courses to medical brethren, on December 7, 1869, I infer that I had got, at that time, very near to the practice of abstinence, and quite near to the truth; for I find myself closing the lecture with the following words: "Speaking honestly, I cannot, by any argument yet presented to me, admit the alcohols through any gate that might distinguish them as apart from other chemical bodies. I can no more accept them as foods than I can chloroform, or ether, or methylal. That they produce a temporary excitement is true; but as their general action is quickly to reduce the animal heat, I cannot see how they can supply animal force. I can see clearly how they reduce animal power, and can show a reason for using them in order to stop physical pain, or to stupefy mental pain; but that they give strength — *i.e.*, that they supply material for construction of fine tissue, or throw force into tissues supplied by other material, must be an error as solemn as it is widespread. The true character of the alcohols is that they are agreeable temporary shrouds. The savage, with the mansions of his soul unfurnished, buries his restive energy under their shadow. The civilized man, overburdened with mental labor, or with engrossing cares, seeks the same shade; but it is shade after all, in which, in exact proportion as he seeks it, the seeker retires from the perfect natural life. To resort for force to alcohol is, to my mind, equivalent to the act of searching for the sun in subterranean gloom until all is night. It is time now for the learned to be precise respecting alcohol, and for the learned to learn the positive value of one of their most potent agents for good

or for evil; whereupon, I think, they will place the alcohol series in the position I have placed it, even though their prejudices in regard to it are, as mine are, by moderate habit but confessed inconsistency, in its favor." I have heard it said many times that this was the strongest utterance I ever made against alcohol; because, when I made it, I was not an abstainer. But I have a word more to add. At the time when the lecture above named was delivered, I had looked only at the physiological side of the matter. Afterwards I studied, in the same experimental way, the power of alcohol in producing disease. Thereupon I discovered that, so potent is alcohol in producing structural and fatal disease, that just as certainly as I could make an animal dead drunk by it, so I could conjure up organic disease to order, if I may so put it, according to my will, and almost according to fixed time and season. Also, I detected that the fatal changes were much more quickly and surely brought about than I had ever supposed possible. I was startled at what I witnessed, and, selfish like, applied the moral. I said to myself, Maybe I am experimenting on myself. But why should I? "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off," was the daily plea of conscientious knowledge; and, at length, the plea prevailing, I cut off alcohol root and branch. Then, when I found how strong and healthy I was, as well as safe, under total abstinence, I thought it my duty, even at the risk of speaking less forcibly against alcohol than I might do if I partook of it — as the spirit of evil suggested — I began and continued boldly to expound all the facts; and that is the way I became an advocate of total abstinence as well as a total abstainer. DR. B. W. RICHARDSON.

FEMALE PHARMACISTS IN FRANCE. — The new *projet de loi* as to the practice of medicine and the subsidiary arts connected therewith, which is now before the French Legislature, provides for the admission of duly qualified women to the pharmaceutical profession. It is remarkable that France, which has shown itself so liberal in throwing open the portals of the faculties of medicine and law, if not also divinity, to women, should so long have denied them admission to a profession not open to some of the graver objections which have been held to justify their exclusion from other careers. Pharmacy has not always been

a close borough of the male sex in France, for in the statutes of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, which were enacted in 1350, mention is made of "chirurgiens" and "chirurgiennes," "apothicaires" and "apothicaires," "herbiers" and "herbières," without any distinction of professional rights or privileges. It is clear from this that in the so-called "Dark Ages" women could dispense simples and practise pharmacy, as well as surgery, and the bill now before the French Senate only proposes to restore them to the position in this respect which they held five centuries ago. British Medical Journal.